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DID MAYOR THOMPSON ask King George's permission to run for Mayor of Chicago? Did a French presidential candidate ever go to Berlin to see if he was regarded with favor? And how would American editors comment if Mr. Cosgrave publicly went to London for advice and approval before conducting a campaign in Ireland? They would hoot at him. And they should hoot at the present spectacle in Nicaragua and Washington. General McCoy is on the spot, preparing for an "honest election," with United States Marines supervising the free expression of Nicaraguan opinion all the way from registration to vote-casting. Ex-President Chamorro has done the natural thing under the circumstances. He has gone to Washington frankly to "seek permission to run for President of Nicaragua." The New York *Herald-Tribune's* Washington bureau reports cryptically that

> This government is not going to say that any man shall not run for the Presidency in Nicaragua. However, it will not recognize any man elected who is unable to qualify under the Nicaraguan constitution. General Chamorro was former President of the Republic and it is alleged [by the State Department] he is ineligible for President under the Nicaraguan constitution.

When one recalls what the Marines did to the last man whom Washington refused to recognize the cryptic report loses its obscurity. We will not say that any man shall not run for the Presidency, but if a man we do not like is elected we will not "recognize" him—we will merely disarm his soldiers, seize and dump his arms into the river, and declare "neutral zones" wherever opposition troops are in danger of attack. Will Rogers only mildly exaggerates when he says "if necessary the marines would do a little voting on the side themselves."

WHAT IS NEWS? It's an old question and there are many answers. We offer this sample of the foreign correspondence of the Associated Press, culled from its setting, between the fight films and a bomb plot, on the front page of the New York *World:*

> In the white uniform of a nurse, with the red cross on her forehead and chest, the "slim gray Princess," as the Rumanians call her, makes a striking figure of beauty, benevolence, and benignity, her beautiful bobbed blond hair growing in such profusion that it covers even her sad, blue eyes and her deep dimples.

DREADFUL NEWS comes out of New York. One hundred per cent Americanism and the bolshevik menace are a drug on the market. Please don't take our word for it, for we have high authority for this calamitous state of affairs. It was Mrs. George E. Owens, the president of the Government Club in New York who rose and said to the members of her club: "This year you won't hear anything about the red menace. It is a horrible commentary, but women seem to be fed up with patriotism and bored by talk of our nation's security. This year we are going to stress municipal government." And so this loyal and devoted club, which since its foundation has been devoting all its precious energies to the combatting of bolshevik ideas, the further restriction of the immigration which is "ruining" America, and the inculcation of aggressive Americanism in the public schools had to step down from this noble pedestal, and was compelled to spend an afternoon listening to the Commissioner of Parks of New York City denounce the Americans who scatter newspapers and trash all over the public parks. But their fall in the scale of true Americanism did not stop there. They actually let a full-fledged general come before them and advance the bolshevik idea that there should be no further amendments to the Constitution unless they are submitted in advance to all the people to be voted on in a nation-wide referendum. Only one thing revived our drooping spirits as we read of this happening. Mrs. Owens saved the day by denouncing the nation-wide efforts to save Sacco and Vanzetti, and demanded that "when citizens of the United States try to intimidate governors, judges, and juries, they should forfeit their citizenship." Fortunate the republic that has a Mrs. Owens still on guard!

LOUVAIN'S LIBRARY is being restored. Its destruction was deplored all over the world; Americans have been largely instrumental in rebuilding it. Yet because Cardinal Mercier, now dead and unable to speak for himself, agreed, during the stress of after-war emotion, to a certain inscription over the new building, Whitney Warren, the architect, refuses to have the inscription changed, even

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at the suggestion of the president of the Carnegie Foundation for International Peace, Nicholas Murray Butler. The inscription now reads: "Destroyed by Teutonic Fury; Restored by American Generosity." The bad taste of the second half of the sentence is hardly debatable—it is typically "American" to take all the credit for what may not be solely due to American efforts; and of the unwisdom of the first phrase there can be no question. Dr. Butler suggests the obvious emendation: "Destroyed by War." Destroyed by war—that it was. In war men do not think of rare books, of fine libraries, of priceless cathedral glass, any more than they consider human life. War is war. And peace should be permitted to be peace.

AFTER STRIKES lasting since April 1 the miners in the bituminous coal-fields of Illinois and Iowa have won. Just what they have won is not so certain. The truce which was recently signed grants to the 72,000 miners in Illinois and the 9,000 in Iowa the same old wage scale. This is to last until February 7. In the meantime it is hoped that a joint commission will have discovered some plan that will be acceptable to both sides. But if it does not, then what? If a suitable plan is not drafted by February 7, the coal miners will again face the choice between a six-months' strike or starvation wages. They will again have visions of the destitution that has prevailed in Illinois for months. Furthermore, it should be remembered that the miners in Ohio and Pennsylvania are still on strike and facing daily worse conditions. As long as the miners are forced to make separate truces like the ones in Iowa and Illinois they will be faced with the possibility, if not probability, of more strikes and tie-ups. There is no local solution. The chaos that has prevailed in the bituminous coal industry throughout the summer, which still exists in Ohio and Pennsylvania, is ample evidence that something far more thoroughgoing than these simple truces is required.

A CENTURY OF SANCTUARY in the United States having been rudely broken by the World War, the non-resistant sect of Mennonites has been compelled to seek refuge elsewhere. In Paraguay they have found their new paradise, and more than a hundred thousand are expected to migrate there within the next few years. The Paraguayan Government has been generous in its protection of and concessions to these new citizens. A charter has been granted the Mennonites which provides, among other things, for complete and perpetual immunity from military duty and exemption from participation in a war, even as non-combatants; the Mennonites are also to be relieved from the obligation of taking an oath; they are to be permitted their own churches and schools conducted in their own language—German; they are to be exempted from all national and municipal taxes, immigration laws, and tariffs—in short, the Government of Paraguay is making a gesture of welcome, without any strings to it. In this year of grace, with echoes of war persecution still ringing in our ears, with the unheeded protests of religious objectors to military service still fresh in our memories, the action of Paraguay stands out. A description of the three-million-acre tract to be taken up by the Mennonites reads like paradise indeed:

> There are endless opportunities awaiting the skillful and industrious man. . . . Riches lie dormant awaiting men of energy, thrift, and skill to turn the immense, wild, uncultivated prairies and meadows into a paradise. There are all resources for the creation of wealth, coupled with the most wonderful climate which can be found anywhere on the globe.

Which, except for the extravagance about the climate, might have been written of our own Mississippi Valley a century ago. In those days we, too, had not yet learned that every man who has scruples against killing in war must be a lying blackguard, a coward, and a murderer, obviously desirous of overthrowing the Government of the United States.

WE CHARGED GOVERNOR FULLER of Massachusetts, in our issue of August 17, with having demonstrated his inability to rise above class and political prejudice as early as the red hysteria of 1919. He was then a member of Congress from Massachusetts, and in the debates over the expulsion of Representative Victor Berger he violently attacked "the red scum of Europe," "the wolves of anarchy," "the enemies within," and "the whole brood of anarchists, bolsheviks, I.W.W.s., and revolutionaries." We stated that he had called for the "execution of the whole scum and brood." This was a misquotation, and we owe Governor Fuller an apology for it. We based our statement on an apparent quotation from his speech reported in the New York *Evening World* of August 8. The *World*, in condensing a statement sent out from the Socialist Party headquarters, made a confusion of terms and substituted the word "execution" for "crucifixion." Governor Fuller did not suggest execution. He demanded "the crucifixion of disloyalty, the nailing of sedition to the cross of free government, where the whole brood of anarchists, bolsheviks, I.W.W.s, and revolutionaries may see and read a solemn warning," and the context shows that by "crucifixion" he meant such action as the expulsion of Berger. But the whole speech proves his complete lack of judicial quality.

THE UNITED STATES is the workers' paradise, according to figures taken from the *Monthly Labor Review* of the Department of Labor. That is to say, skilled union labor in this country receives wages that would make most European workers in a corresponding job faint with surprise. In New York City for an eight-hour day in the current year bricklayers receive $14, carpenters $12, painters $14, plasterers $14, plumbers $12, and the humble and once derided hod-carrier $9. Compare these figures, which are by no means an indication that workers in these respective occupations are rolling in wealth, with figures in other parts of the world; in Great Britain in 1924—and there is no reason to suppose that since that time wages have been greatly increased—workers in building and allied industries received for an eight-hour-day approximately $2.40. Bricklayers in Brazil in 1927 receive a daily wage of from $1.53 to $2.36; carpenters in Japan in October, 1926, were paid $.91 daily, plasterers $1.42, bricklayers $1.63, and painters $1.69; for an eight-hour day in Latvia carpenters now receive $.86, masons $1.11, and skilled building-workers an average of $1.08; in Warsaw masons are paid $.99 for an eight-hour day and carpenters $.96. It is plain to one who knows America that carpenters' wages here are not twelve times as large in purchasing value as wages in Poland, but it would be difficult to make a Polish carpenter believe it. And allowing for the difference in price levels, the American standard of living is so much higher as to justify envy among workers in other countries.

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WHEN THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF MANUFACTURERS starts gunning against child labor the battle is half won. That stalwart band of hard-boiled contributors to Republican campaign funds, having gloriously defeated the child-labor amendment to the federal Constitution, have now come out with a "program for the further protection of employed children fourteen and fifteen years of age." This amazing and encouraging document demands a medical examination of working children, a minimum sixth-grade educational requirement, provision for continuation schools, a 48-hour week, and no work after 9 p. m. The National Child Labor Committee hails the program as "one of the most important events" in that field for many years. It would, of course, like more—it wants a specified eight-hour-day and six-day-week, an earlier closing hour, and an eighth-grade minimum. But it hails the program as evidence that public opinion against child labor has worked through into the citadels of industry. And it is ready to cooperate with the manufacturers in an aggressive campaign to realize their program. Only six States (Illinois, Iowa, New York, Ohio, Oregon, and Wisconsin) now have legislation measuring up to the manufacturer's standards. Seventeen do not require physical examination of children applying for work permits; 19 do not require the completion of the sixth grade; 21 have no continuation-school law; 13 permit more than a 48-hour week for factory children between 14 and 16 years; while 32 States permit children to work in factories before seven in the morning and 5 after nine o'clock at night. What will the manufacturers do to realize their program?

THAT A GOOD JUDGE ought to be reelected regardless of his party is accepted today in both major political camps of New York City, and the fact is another evidence that political progress is not impossible. But recently a new limitation has been set on this principle—the Democrats and Republicans are fighting to defeat Judge Jacob Pancken for reelection as Judge of the Municipal Court. He is a Socialist, elected in 1917, and it seems that the party truce does not apply to Socialists—although at one time the Republicans, weak in his district, talked of making him their candidate in order to defeat the Democrats. "The poor man's court" does not often get judges of Mr. Pancken's caliber; it is one of the easily-awarded political plums. But Judge Pancken has given it distinction. He has cleared his courtroom of "steerers" and other parasites; he has talked to witnesses in their own foreign languages and made them feel at home; he has adjourned court again and again in order to inspect tenant-homes in rent cases which came before him. Despite his avowed sympathy for the underdog, he has won such a reputation for fairness that landlords have suggested his name as arbiter in difficult cases. The municipal courts need such men, and party considerations ought to play no part in choosing them. That a group of nonpartisan lawyers is supporting him is encouraging.

NO MORE IMPORTANT ART EVENT can occur here this winter than the return after twenty-eight years of Jacob Epstein, the sculptor, to America his native country, and the exhibition of some fifty of his works in New York and, we hope, other cities. Mr. Epstein is another of those products of free immigration, which, as every patrioteer proclaims, has done such infinite harm to us as a nation and to our standing in the world. For a quarter of a century he has been living in London and hypnotizing the English art world into declaring him to be, as the *Manchester Guardian* puts it, an "artist of deep and curious genius." Under the spell of that belief his work has been purchased not only for the British national collection, for the Tate Gallery and the Manchester, Glasgow, Dundee, and other municipal collections, but he has been commissioned to make portrait busts of Joseph Conrad, Admiral "Jack" Fisher, Ramsay MacDonald, C. P. Scott, the Duchess of Hamilton, Lady Gregory, and other distinguished persons. True, there have been discordant voices, as when his memorial to W. H. Hudson was erected in Hyde park—good, old-fashioned, British protests against anything so unconventional and original. Now he is back on the spot where his Russian-Polish parents landed from the Old World. So far America has let him see by its indifference that it knows how to treat him. We wonder if this superior attitude will be maintained or whether America can be induced to forego its prejudices long enough to follow British example and honor a man who as much as any other living has convinced England that art did not die with the last century.

THE ACTION OF JUDGE KNOX in refusing to hear "experts" testify to the literary value of John Herrmann's novel "What Happens," 300 copies of which, coming from France some months ago, had been seized by the customs authorities as obscene matter, in a sense does not disturb us. We heartily wish that the book were allowed to circulate, as now it is not to be, but we do not recognize "experts" in such cases. We look to the time when any book whatever may be allowed to find its audience without interference from the courts. Meanwhile we should like to spare such citizens as Messrs. Broun, Mencken, and Hansen the embarrassment of having to stand before a jury and speak as if their personal judgment were relevant to the right of books to live. In another sense, however, the refusal of a judge to hear an author's contemporaries attest the value of his work is highly regrettable at this stage of the war against censorship. The courts have a ruling that the classics are admissible, however obscene, because the verdict of the ages is in their favor. But how is a living writer to prove that his books are admissible if his own age first of all does not have a chance to approve or disapprove? The law here is not only unfair but foolish, and we hope that counsel for Mr. Herrmann and those who come after him will be able to make this clear.

THE RIGHT OF BOOKS to be read by high-school seniors is being decided in Grand Rapids, Michigan, by parents and officials. Albert Marckwardt, teacher in a Grand Rapids high school, asked his class in English to review George Jean Nathan's "Land of the Pilgrim's Pride." The mother of one of the girls saw the book at home, and protested to the superintendent, which led to Mr. Marckwardt's disappearance from the Grand Rapids school system. The offending section of Mr. Nathan's book dealt with the thing once celebrated by *The Nation* as "Our Changing Morality"—a thing upon which Mr. Nathan, ironically enough, has Tory views, though he speaks plainly in expressing them. For that matter, many of the students may have had Tory views which their parents would be happy to hear. In the interests of "morality" these, it appears, are not to be expressed at all.

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Mexico's Election

MEXICO has been repeating her blood-stained history. Another revolution has died aborning; several score of rebels, "court-martialled" in the fields where they were captured, have been shot dead, and the election of 1928 seems to have been decided—with guns.

It isn't pretty. It is Mexico. And, since the issue had to be fought with guns, one may as well be glad that the Calles-Obregon group won. It is, of course, nonsense to suppose that the electoral campaign could have been fought with Anglo-Saxon parliamentary rules. When, four years ago, President—or General, for all presidents in Mexico are generals—Obregon paved the way for his friend Calles to succeed him, Mexico came nearer to having a real election than she had ever come before; but even Boss Tweed would have chuckled at some of the things that happened.

This year Mexico was approaching the electoral battle with three leading candidates. In the Calles camp there was no one but Obregon strong enough for the succession. It required tinkering with the constitution to open the way, for in 1917 the revolutionaries had prescribed that no man might sit twice in the Presidency. The memory of the long dictatorship of Diaz was then still strong in men's memories, and the constitution-makers pathetically hoped that a legislative phrase could change Mexico. It is a tribute to President Calles, and to the progress really effected in the sixteen years since Mexico's revolution began, that neither Obregon nor Calles has sought to succeed himself directly as President. They have tampered with the constitution only in a Rooseveltian sense, altering it to permit a second term but only after an interval. So Obregon, who has not always seen eye to eye with President Calles but stands on the whole for the same progressive agrarian policy, became the government candidate this year. Calles did not openly support him, but his attitude was well understood, and some of the generals who supported his rivals found themselves shifted to more modest positions.

His opponents campaigned on a platform of high-minded devotion to the principle of "No reelection," but no one suspected that their affection would survive a personal test. Both were military men pure and simple. Arnulfo Gomez, long military governor of Vera Cruz, used to boast that he had executed more "criminals" than any other governor in Mexico. He was a famous strike-smasher; and it was generally believed that foreign oil companies in Vera Cruz were contributing to his campaign funds. In his electoral platform he included, along with "No reelection," a plea for religious freedom, by which he meant amending the constitution to favor the Catholic Church; "collaboration of classes," by which he meant abandoning Mexico's attempt at a modern labor code; and "non-retroactivity of Article 27" of the constitution, by which he seemed to mean all that any American oil company, or even Mr. Kellogg, could wish.

Francisco Serrano was a better man. He was long Obregon's chief of staff, and, although only 35, had the reputation of being one of the ablest military strategists in Mexico. Unfortunately he also had the reputation of being one of the heaviest grafters in a country cursed with Doheny standards. His administration of the Federal District was said to be extremely remunerative. Before Obregon decided to run for office again himself, Serrano was regarded as his candidate—and the history of Obregon's rise from small land-owner in Sonora to one of Mexico's wealthiest men does not make the alliance seem strange.

Gomez and Serrano—they acted as partial allies—knew they could not go far without resort to force. Despite the Catholic unrest and the local feuds they had little mass support. Neither of them was in a position to attack official corruption or military rule, the twin curses of Mexico; and their objection to reelection would have come with better grace from men who had made some attempt to develop democratic institutions in the territories which they governed. At any rate, instead of attempting a popular appeal—which would, indeed, have been quixotic in present-day Mexico—they plotted among the myriads of ambitious generals who infest every province of Mexico. Probably they did not intend to take the field so soon—certainly their effort at rebellion proved dismally ill-prepared—but, apparently, the reaction to General Serrano's charge that Obregon was responsible for the murder of Carranza in 1920 made it necessary to act now or never. Gomez took the field in Vera Cruz; Serrano persuaded a portion of the garrison of the capital to join him in an effort to oust Calles.

They failed. Within forty-eight hours Serrano and thirteen of his aides had been captured and shot; and Gomez is fighting for his life in the mountains of Vera Cruz. The local military commanders proved unexpectedly loyal to Calles, and the Associated Press correspondent in Mexico says that "everywhere" Calles is being called "the strongest man Mexico has produced since the days of Porfirio Diaz."

The praise is too true for our taste. Calles is strong—undoubtedly—and certainly Mexico has never had a strong man who used his strength so frequently for his nation's good. His support, colored though it has often been by minor political fluctuations, of the great movements of agrarian reform, mass education, labor emancipation, and conservation of natural resources, his rigid opposition to the attempts of American capital to interfere with Mexico's domestic legislation, have commanded our enthusiastic support. The suddenness and violence of his anti-clerical movement, and the extremes of his anti-Catholic legislation, seemed to us to go beyond the necessities; and this business of assassinating one's political opponents, deep as it may be rooted in Mexican tradition, is to us wholly indefensible.

The Indian has held his ground in Mexico as nowhere else on this Continent, and one cannot explain Mexico merely in terms of Spanish colonialism and American contiguity. The tom-tom still beats in the Sonora mountains, and in the hearts of many of the "strong men" who have come down from the North to govern in Mexico City. Government there betrays its primitive origin in war. The patterns of European democracy and parliamentarism have not sunk as deep as we had fondly hoped. The election of 1928 will be an expression of the will of the people only in so far as the people in indirect ways have affected the success and strength of the successful group of generals. Obregon and Calles won the battles because they commanded the support of the majority of the lesser generals; but it has become true in Mexico that every general feels compelled to proclaim revolutionary ideals, and fears to fight against the growingly self-conscious peasantry.

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Text: The World's Series

FROM presidents and other preachers, America has seldom lacked congratulations upon current idealism and earnest propulsion toward further sacrificial triumphs. Unfortunately, local and foreign cynics have complained that specific instances of our national unselfishness were a little obscure and remote. Help has just come from a quarter once despised. Baseball, the national game, has gilded the national honor in a manner to make the world blink with surprise and pleasure. A commercialized sport has proved beyond quibble its immediate, scrupulous honesty. By winning the championship in four straight games the Yankees have removed the reproach that New York is a metropolis given over wholly to thoughts of gain. The owners of the contending clubs will be compelled to return more than $200,000 because of the expeditious manner in which the series came to a finish.

It is easy enough to say that this is no more than common honesty and that to prolong the contest would be rank knavery. Yet even in amateur sport, in lawn tennis, for instance, a winning competitor has been known to let down under the theory that his ultimate triumph may be the more certain if he loafs a little and allows his adversary to take a set at the price of exhausting effort. Dwelling wholly in the shadowy domain of good tactics, the executive forces of the New York American League baseball club might have said, "We will save our best pitcher for a fifth game and try to win with a less gifted performer."

Granted all the good will in the world, it is hard for any organization to put forward its best efforts to achieve financial disaster. To return money already in hand closely approaches the heroic. Before the crucial struggle began all cynics said "There will, of course, be seven games, or six at the very least. Professional promoters cannot be expected to neglect the opportunity of harvesting dollars in great number." Yet when the day of the fourth game dawned bleak and chill Miller Huggins, manager, chose Wilcy Moore, the best man available, to turn back the Pittsburgh Pirates and check the flow of gold into the respective box offices. Wilcy bore down and with his "sinker" saved the honor of the pastime.

Further analysis will show that the baseball series bloomed throughout with moral lessons. The Epworth League could have furnished no greater number of shining texts in celebration of good conduct. Possibilities of international cooperation were made manifest and even the most casual examination of the box score shows the fallacy of those who hold that it is impossible for the United States to assimilate the foreigner. Grabowski, Lazerri, Koenig, Groh, Cvengros, Miljus, and Gehrig—all these are names to shake the confidence of believers in exclusion. And it is not too much to hope that hundred percenters may have observed the fact that the final play of the series occurred when a Serbian threw wildly in his effort to deceive an Italian, thereby permitting a Kentucky mountaineer to come home with the winning run. Whether or not the fact is of political importance, it might be added that Babe Ruth, the hero of the contest, is not only of German ancestry but most flagrantly a Catholic.

In these baseball games between New York and Pittsburgh the old familiar battle of democracy against autocracy was waged again. It was the democrats who took the four straight games. Miller Huggins of the Yankees is reckoned as a liberal among the martinets of the big leagues. Unlike other managers he imposes no curfew hour, and few training rules. Often he permits a player to think for himself. Donie Bush, the Pittsburgh leader, is classed with the little Napoleons. Under his regime it is no portion of an outfielder's privilege to reason why. The brilliant Kiki Cuyler asked to have his place in the batting order changed, and Bush, forgetting the inalienable right of petition, benched him. He was on the wood, as the players say, all through the series and watched lesser men perform in his place. Eagerly the multitude espoused the cause of the exiled athlete, and once in Pittsburgh 60,000 spectators joined in a great chorus of "We want Cuyler." Bush remained obdurate in the face of this clear mandate of the multitude. To him a popular referendum was less than nothing and when the people asked him for Cuyler he gave them Brickell.

If the strategy of the manager had succeeded we would probably have been told that Mussolini had the right idea. Dictatorship always inspires admiration as long as it seems to work. But this time it failed. And in four straight games!

Tariff Tangles

AT last with the publication of the recent tariff notes exchanged between Paris and Washington there are signs that some good may come of the whole controversy. There are indications that the present Franco-American squabble may force the great minds in the State Department to think the tariff problem through, something which their shallow and inconsistent statements would indicate they have not yet done. Already President Coolidge and Secretary Kellogg are worrying over the weak position in which the French notes have put the American case for high protectionism. And what the French notes have not done Assistant Secretary Lowman has, in his public statements that the higher the French rates went the higher we would push the American rates, under the provisions of Article 317—thus showing that we have a "reciprocity" clause in our tariff act and that Secretary Kellogg was either unfamiliar with it or trying to conceal it. Clearly, Article 317 embodies the reciprocity principle as much as do the European treaties, with the great difference that the European countries use the reciprocity treatment for bargaining while we use it as a penalizing measure.

So the tariff experts of the Coolidge Administration are scurrying away from the boomerang effects brought upon the entire Republican tariff scheme. The notes of Secretary Kellogg, which were intended to convince the world of the inherent righteousness of high American trade barriers, have done nothing of the sort. Rather they have shown with remarkable clearness (considering that it was done unintentionally) that the Fordney-McCumber Tariff Act is inconsistent not only with a peaceful foreign trade but also with itself. Even the New York *Herald-Tribune*, in an editorial that cannot be described as other than treason in the innermost citadel of protection, has turned against the Fordney-McCumber Act. This change is decidedly encouraging and shows that economic truth is mighty and will prevail. With astonishing rapidity the Administration has

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executed a *volte face*, hoping thereby to settle the dispute quietly before Congress meets and to prevent it from assuming sufficient proportions to become a campaign issue. The wailing protests and indignant lamentations that issued forth from Washington a few weeks ago have stopped; France is to be permitted to refund her $78,000,000 loan on a 6-per-cent basis, 2 per cent less than she is now paying. Official impudence is thus replaced by conciliation.

Yet it is difficult to believe that France will be so easily placated. The fundamental differences that started the dispute remain untouched. The fundamental fact is that our tariff wall is too high. For us merely to say that it is uniformly high for everyone and therefore theoretically non-discriminatory is so much nonsense. Yet it is to this point that our note of September 19 attributes much importance, totally ignoring the fact that the discrimination lies not so much in the uniformity of the rates as in the character of the goods so taxed. When the rates are excessively high on perfumes, cosmetics, and other products which go to make up a principal part of the French export trade to the United States, it is plainly France that is being discriminated against. In her note of September 30 France, citing logic and facts, made this point quite clear—clear enough for even our State Department to understand. French exports to the United States in 1913 were $136,877,990. Now, according to the French note, if one takes into account the world-wide rise in prices, the increase which dollar prices have undergone, and the new possibilities of French trade, the French exports to the United States in 1926 should have been $200,000,000. They were, however, only $152,030,000. This would seem to indicate a very serious restriction of French exports to the United States and a restriction fraught with serious consequences.

With France in the position of a debtor nation to the extent of over 25 billion gold francs there is only one way in which she can pay off her present debt and keep from going further into debt: by enlarging her exports. Since the French owe more to the United States than to any other nation, it is extremely short-sighted for us to restrict the one way she has of paying us. Practically the same may be said for the trade relations of Europe in general to the United States. To a very large extent at present Europe is able to buy only by borrowing from America, these sums running into billions of dollars each year. Though America may be temporarily benefiting by this situation, there are signs that the tide is turning. And as soon as American loans cease, European imports must fall and American industry will slump as a result. The natural reaction of Europe is evidenced by the recent Franco-German trade treaty in which each party grants special favors to the other. By extending similar reciprocity treaties Europe can seriously restrict American exports.

The United States may yet be forced to change the stubborn Fordney-McCumber measure, as the most astonishing statement in the *Herald-Tribune* urges. It may be true, as Secretary Kellogg contends, that the reciprocity treaties of the European countries involve much negotiation and some discrimination. But what tariff system does not? What tariff system does not subordinate high principle to commercial advantage? Whether or not the present controversy results in a wholesome downward revision, it has at least done some service. It has brought the tariff specter out into the open light, and there is nothing quite so unhealthy for specters as pure, unadulterated illumination.

Celluloid

SOME time ago a Broadway theater was given over to a movie version of "The Prodigal Son." The director who made this celluloid masterpiece was one of those hardy adapters who are sure that they can improve upon the work of any author even if he should be—as in this case he was—Jesus Christ himself, and so he set out to realize those possibilities of the story which had been muffed in the version hitherto considered the standard one. Since to him, as to any movie director, it was obvious that the simple statement that the erring young man "took his journey into a far country and there wasted his substance in riotous living" slurs over the only really effective action in the whole story, this phrase was quickly seized upon and elaborated *con amore* into such a highly colored picturization of night life in the oriental cabarets as Hollywood conceives it should have been. But the publicity man was not to be outdone by the director, and in order that the public should not be misled into staying away by any memories of the Sunday School he caused to be proclaimed in electric letters across the theater-front the interesting fact that the parable of the Prodigal Son is a story "Glorifying the Babylonian Girl."

Not even the movies often achieve such perfect bathos as this, but that is merely because they do not often have such a height from which to fall. Whatever story they may seize upon undergoes some change in the course of which whatever meaning it may once have had is perverted into the platitude, sentimentality, or carefully guarded lasciviousness which alone constitutes what is euphemistically called "available movie material," and the extent of the desecration involved depends entirely upon the original value of the thing desecrated, since the directors may be depended upon to do their worst. Here, for example, is a quotation from the press story which accompanies the picturization of "What Price Glory," and illustrates how a bitter satire on war can be made into "available movie material":

> Every soldier will tell you that he had a lot of fun out of the war. Ask any reminiscent veteran of the A. E. F. or some erstwhile gob of the U. S. N. and they will smile and say "betcha." But ask a leatherneck—and your answer will be "hot dog." . . . The comedy end of war was what impressed Winfred R. Sheehan, general manager of Fox Films, when the job of making a screen story of the Stallings-Anderson play was undertaken at Hollywood—and Sheehan knew because he was a sergeant in the U. S. A. . . . Then, Director Raoul Walsh took battle as a background, gave it plenty of clash and conflict, tragic touches, and pathetic pulses, but he let his soldier man overseas just have the time of his life—in which director Walsh was right and followed form. So laughter of the uproarious, deep-down kind is promised when the picture "What Price Glory" has its premiere at the Blank Theater.

We wonder what the original authors of the play think of this and we wonder still more when we remember that one of them was also the author of a novel called "Plumes," which had a bitter honesty about the war and refused to stoop to the claptrap devices of cheap laughter and of easy sentiment. The cinema has certainly made satire out of the old saying that "The camera can't lie," and the Hollywood school of cinema art has assuredly given new point to a modified version of another: "He who touches celluloid shall be defiled."

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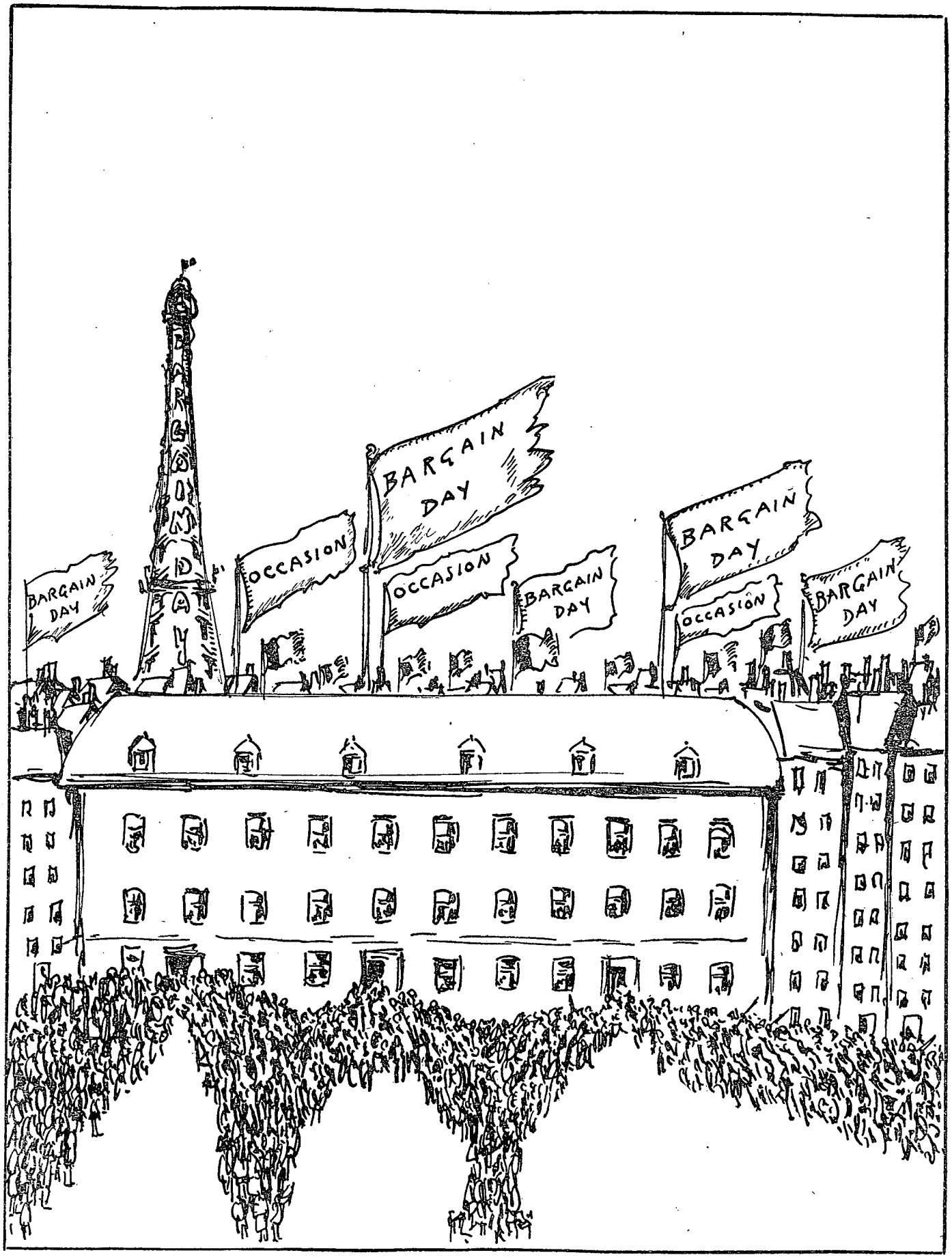

Drawn by Hendrik Willem Van Loon

Galeries Lafayette, We Are Here!

American Legionnaires, accompanied by their wives and children, see Paris again.

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It Seems To Heywood Broun

HENRY MENCKEN has been appraising, in the last few weeks, the artistic achievement of the Negro in America. "Not so much," is the substance of Mr. Mencken's verdict. The task of setting down to a penny-weight the ponderability of an individual contribution is difficult enough and a complete survey of the trophy room of a race falls beyond the powers of any critic. Naturally enough Mr. Mencken has overlooked a certain number of events.

Once, at the home of a Broadway star, we played the game of twenty questions and with the aid of only a small proportion of my allotment I narrowed the field down to the fact that the unknown person was living, American, and a practitioner in the arts. There I bogged for they said "No" when I mentioned literature, music, the graphic arts, and oratory. "There are no other arts," I pleaded and gave up, which earned me the lifelong enmity of my hostess.

"I suppose," she said with bitterness, "you never heard of the art of acting?" And to my amazement and indignation Walter Hampden turned out to be the name I was supposed to guess.

There was some justification for my failure to remember, but if one forgets that actors may be artists the fault lies partly with the players. They have thrown the word about with such indiscrimination that the definition of "artist" has been reduced to "everybody on a vaudeville bill except the trained seals."

However, they also serve who interpret, and Mr. Mencken errs when he omits from his catalogue the name of any Negro singer, orator, dancer, or actor. Surely there are half a dozen Negro concert performers who should be called "artist" even in a community chary in the use of the word. Probably Mr. Mencken is right when he says that at the moment there is no Negro composer, novelist, painter, or poet deserving the first rank. But Roland Hayes may not be brushed aside, nor Paul Robeson, nor Taylor Gordon. Indeed I would not limit my list to those who appear with serious intent in concert halls. One must look to the cabarets and varieties. If Raquel Meller is an artist then so are Clara Smith and Ethel Waters. And not to stress the point unduly "St. Louis Blues" is a ballad infinitely finer than anything which the Spanish woman ever consented to sing. "Feeling tomorrow just like I feel today" is a line worthy of any contralto's sob. And if monologists belong among the Lord's annointed I would like to put the late Charlie Case within the Hall of Fame.

But I am not competent to make any complete list of notable Negroes engaged in various interpretive arts. I would like to beg the question by a few degrees and discuss the artistic potentialities of the Negro in the mass rather than pick out certain individuals. History will not record the names of thousands of brown men and women in choirs, cabarets, and music halls. That they are all geniuses born to bawl unheard I do not say. My point is merely that the average aptitude of the Negro for musical interpretation far transcends that of the white. There used to be a saying among vaudeville patrons that no Negro act was ever wholly bad. Into any dark-skinned throng you may toss a piano or a banjo and be sure that there will be one to catch it and give you music. And in Harlem when the nights are not too white there will be spontaneous and amateur dancing of a sort to ravish the eye of any sculptor or painter.

There could be, perhaps there is, a Negro advance toward beauty conducted without the help of any very conspicuous leaders. Perhaps they charge like well ordered cavalry, huddled, knee to knee, all in a cluster. Not all the bluesey ballads which sweep the country now are African in origin. Henry Mencken has pointed out that the best of current mammy songs are composed by Jews. Still there was a Cole and a Johnson before the Gershwins and Berlins and surely the Negro has a right to take to his heart the continuous compliment of imitation which is tendered to him in popular music.

Mr. Mencken did not take up the difficulties which afflict the Negro artist. I do not speak of obvious and to some extent superficial things. When Hayes sang last in Detroit the house was thronged with carriage trade. Enraptured by his singing the audiences called ceaselessly for encores. Everybody applauded madly and a few whistled. But when the lights were down this man hailed by the multitude as a great artist found that his own coach must be a pumpkin shell. The Nordics of Michigan were wholly willing to tingle spinally while a Negro sang, but letting him into any hotel was something else again. I have never understood why it was supposed to be a casual thing to give a man some small piece of your immortal soul and terrib[illegible] intimate to sit in the same dining room. But factors s[illegible] as these, though monstrous, constitute no more than annoyance in the pathway of the Negro artist. You canno[illegible] kill a talent by sowing it with salt.

Every now and then some Sunday magazine section digs out the story of the possibility of shaking down bridges and great buildings by some insistent vibration upon the violin. Whether mortar is actually so susceptible to music I do not profess to know but I have seen the whole edifice of white superiority totter when Roland Hayes sang "The Crucifixion."

The Negro musician escapes one reproach which dogs his brother novelist or poet. "This," the critic is fond of saying, "may be excellent propaganda but for that very reason it can't be art." To get enmeshed in the debate about the function of art and propaganda would be unfortunate. For my readers I mean. I merely want to make mild protest against the manner in which the Negro is often cut down by both the direct and richochet fire reviewers. When Countee Cullen puts into a poem the bitterness belonging to anyone who lives within a walled city, critics are likely to say that they wish the young man were less race conscious. It will be remarked that lyric fervor and a passion for reform team up indifferently. But there are times when Cullen changes his note and speaks of flowers wholly white and clouds and brooks and possibly a few

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trees. And when this happens he finds himself attacked upon a new flank and now the charge is that he has confused himself with Keats and Shelley and would do well to draw his themes from subjects more peculiarly Negroid. Allow a critic two assorted damns and he can handcuff any minstrel.

Mr. Mencken and many others feel that the Negro has had rather more than just treatment from the commentators. It was George Jean Nathan, as I remember, who voiced the theory that Bert Williams had been puffed far beyond his deserts as a stage comedian because he was a "colored man." I agree, but it is careless to assume there is any tonic quality in praise bestowed with condescension. The most punishing blow in the quiver of the critic is not the right hook to the jaw. It is the pat upon the head. Writers knocked down by reviewers have been known to rise again before the count of ten, but what can a man do if he is met by the comment, "Why that's really very good for a Negro." Most certainly the darker artists have not asked for critical opinions padded like gloves in training camp. Indeed I believe that they will and should welcome Mr. Mencken's articles because he has said in effect that he purposes to be no more kind to Negro authors than to any others. Some of our book sections have carried Jim Crow cars. Jim Crow remains Jim Crow even when the seats are plush and velvet. Almost I would be ready to depart in peace upon that morning when a musical critic writes, "Roland Hayes, the tenor," and not, as is the unbroken custom, "Roland Hayes, the Negro tenor."

It may be that artistic stature of the Negro is somewhat less than Henry Mencken has a right to expect but if this is so it should not be laid to natural perversity. He will grow faster when people cease to smile, and stoop, and blight him with, "There, there."

* * * * *

"Gene Tunney," says a United Press dispatch, "created something of a furore at the luncheon when he referred to the 'indefftigability' of Getz."

Apparently the jaw which Dempsey failed to shatter may yet be cracked by some polysyllable in fighting trim.

* * * * *

It seems to me that the reputation of Warren Gamaliel Harding suffers greatly at the hands of Nan Britton in "The President's Daughter." And to my mind the incident weighing most heavily against him concerns an evening upon which he offered to go out into the streets of New York and procure for Miss Britton a bottle of champagne. Mr. Harding was at this time the Republican nominee for President of the United States. But this is not the limit of his shame. Miss Britton reports that he came back after several hours and confessed that he could not get it.

* * * * *

New York baseball reporters in Pittsburgh were shocked by the fact that the city has no ordinance to prevent speculators from charging exorbitant prices. Here we do things much better. The New Yorker who pays twice or thrice the face value of a ticket can comfort himself with the thought that it is against the law.

HEYWOOD BROUN

Presidential Possibilities

I.

Charles Evans Hughes

By OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

The first in a series of studies of the candidates

"DO you recognize anything about this man Hughes as pertaining to the Hughes that you and I supported more enthusiastically and loyally than any Republican editors when he was Governor?" asked Frank I. Cobb of me the last time I met the lamented editor of the *World*. I replied that I could not recognize anything about him as belonging to the Hughes of the insurance investigation and the governorship. "Nor can I," said Mr. Cobb. So it is with two Hugheses that one has to deal today. That is not unusual in politicians; there were two Woodrow Wilsons and two or more Theodore Roosevelts. In this case, however, the two Hugheses are not coterminous. The one existed, withered, and died before the Secretary of State was born. It was during his service on the Supreme Court, apparently, that this metamorphosis took place. Must that august body shoulder the responsibility for it?

It is easy to recall the thrill that came to New York when Mr. Hughes was chosen to conduct the insurance investigation and speedily made it clear that he cared not at all where the chips might fly. He displayed at once courage, resourcefulness, mental quickness, the ability to meet any situation as it arose, and a genuine sense of dramatic values. At last, it appeared, New York had found a fearless man of extraordinary ability, the kind of uncompromising reformer for whom city and State had been longing. But not big-business circles. They were all but speechless with indignation. He was laying ruthless hands upon an old-established private business, interfering with customs of long standing, with the right of the heads of the insurance companies to line their pockets and to provide sinecures for all their relatives at the expense of the policy-holders. When he attacked men like the McCalls and McCurdys, pillars of the business world and of the Chamber of Commerce, he was striking at the very foundations of society. More than that, he stood early for greater interference of the State with private business—one of the deadliest sins. If the term Bolshevik had been invented then the business community would have applied it to Charles E. Hughes.

As it was he was declared to be a notoriety-seeker, ruled by political ambition, grossly unfair and unjust in his cross-examinations, which were, it was said, deliberately spectacular and sensational, without giving the other side a chance to get its case before the public with similar space and a similar newspaper "spread." If he was not

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accused of advocating free love, it was merely an oversight. The other side went so far as to send out bogus news of the inquiry, for printing which a number of our press champions of honesty in public life received a dollar a line. It was typical of the man that when he heard about it, he put some of those high-minded publishers on the stand, including those of the Boston *Herald* and St. Paul *Pioneer Press*, and proved the whole conspiracy. That was the way he fought, the way he inspired terror among his adversaries—and victims; and the way he fairly earned the governorship. The rotten Republican machine which, about as much as Tammany Hall, lived on the contributions of corporation magnates, traction-company highbinders, and business seekers after special favors, did not want him any more than they had wanted Theodore Roosevelt to be Governor in 1898. Public opinion made the Old Guard bosses swing to him; they saw he was a winning card, and he won.

He made an excellent Governor, clean-cut and challenging, and earned early the cordial dislike of the machine. Throughout his nearly four years he had to fight his own party associates in order to achieve the reforms he desired. The insurance bills were easily put through; the public-service commissions, which confirmed Wall Street's dislike of him, since they interfered with the exploiting of the city by the transportation companies, not so easily; the direct primary with still greater difficulty. It is an interesting fact that the public-service commissions have long since disappeared and that the direct primary has proved anything but the protection to the people it was hoped. Other Hughes reforms have proved to have been built on sand. But the hour seemed to call for them and they in turn gave every promise of achieving the desired reforms. Behind them he put resistless energy and determination, tireless industry, direct, forceful, and most effective public presentation of his views, the years being marked by a growing selfconfidence and personal power. Between Grover Cleveland and "Al" Smith no other Governor stands out as does Mr. Hughes. While far inferior to "Al" in his mastery of the public business—quite naturally, since he had had no such apprenticeship in Albany as the pride of Tammany Hall—he nevertheless wreaked himself upon it, and he received all the abuse which comes to a reformer who, among other things, stopped race-track gambling. He was holier-than-thou; he was "Charles the Baptist"; he was the "animated feather-duster"; he was a Pecksniff; he was that awful thing, a reformer with morals and principles.

Perhaps the greatest of his public services was his defeat, after his renomination, of William R. Hearst, then at the height of his noxious career. If Hearst had not been stopped then he would unquestionably have been a serious candidate for the Democratic Presidential nomination—indeed he had been in 1908. Mr. Hughes handled his adversary admirably, sparing his private life, while the Hearst newspapers piled one abuse after another upon the Governor. Fortunately, their ridicule and their bitterness did not avail. But one thing Mr. Hughes did dwell upon—the shameful way in which Hearst sought to avoid responsibility for reckless reporting and bold-faced libelling, by organizing one company within another for the purpose of dodging judgments, so that a litigant might sue for several years only to find out that the company he was suing was really not the owner of the particular Hearst paper in question at all. Mr. Hughes promised during the campaign to rectify that, and he did so; it is to him that we owe the law requiring newspapers to publish the names of their responsible owners and editors.

Reelected, Mr. Hughes went at his task with renewed vigor, with a ripening understanding of where the real enemy lay within his own party's ranks, and by 1910 he was well on his way to a position of complete dominance and control. To this it was my good fortune to make a contribution, in that I was able to publish the charges of bribe-taking against Senator Jotham P. Allds, then Acting Lieutentan Governor, which resulted in Allds's resigning just in time to avoid being expelled from the Senate. That session of the Legislature was entirely absorbed by the Allds trial, save for the necessary passing of the supply bills. It is just to add that it was in part due to Governor Hughes's counsel and aid—still in some respects unexplained even to me—that Allds's misconduct was brought into the open in what was probably the most sensational publication ever made in the old *Evening Post*. The Legislature adjourned, leaving Mr. Hughes with heightened prestige and power. It seemed as if he had at last arrived at the point where the Republican machine could be cleaned up once and for all. Suddenly, without the slightest warning, like a bolt from the blue, the Governor was laid by the heels and the whole structure built up during three and one-half laborious years collapsed; the old order came back.

The man who did this to Charles Evans Hughes and the State of New York and for all time ended Mr. Hughes's career as a militant reformer was the President of the United States, William H. Taft. He offered Mr. Hughes a seat upon the Supreme Court of the United States, and Mr. Hughes accepted. Mr. Hughes's Puritan conscience would not permit him to ask Mr. Taft to let his acceptance of the office remain a secret until he was ready to take office in October or December. The announcement was made in May, 1910, and at once Mr. Hughes's power left him as Samson was shorn of his by Delilah. The Legislature had adjourned; the Old Guard knew now that Hughes was done and that they had only a few months to wait before he got out. From that moment not a politician cared what the Governor did. It is a fact that Mr. Hughes was tired and worn after three and a half years of steady battling; that he was unduly depressed; that he had made up his mind not to run again for the Governorship. I have before me as I write a long letter in which he set forth the reasons, convincing to him, why he felt that he must accept. After seventeen years I am still unconvinced, and my position is confirmed by the fact that so much of the Governor's achievements went for naught. It is, in consequence, just about the same old Republican elephant we have to deal with, just about as spotted, but a little more respectable, a little less corrupt, and infinitely stupider, as witness its campaigns against "Al" Smith.

The years that passed while Mr. Hughes was on the Supreme Court profoundly affected him in more ways than one, but did not still his ambition. It was early made clear that Mr. Hughes would not say no to an attempt to call him back to political life from the highest bench in the land. Other jurists and lawyers in plenty might feel that it was a mistake to establish a precedent that politicians might go to the Supreme Court and lure therefrom a justice to stand in the public forum and bid for the favor of the populace. Mr. Hughes felt differently, and his nomination

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filled with high hopes many who had fought under his banner in his active years. But it soon appeared that this was not the same man at all, that it was a changeling who wore the name. His campaign lacked inspiration, issues, and fire; it lacked conviction. It in no wise conformed to what he at first said privately that it was going to be. There was nothing whatever of the militant reformer about him, and his tactlessness in California, as everyone knows, cost him his election. He seemed to have grown colder, more austere, and suspicious. Wall Street after a brief period rallied to him; with its extraordinary intuition it sensed the change long before others did and realized that it had nothing further to fear from the man who had once defied the most powerful forces in American business life, and that at a time when the muck-raker was still abroad in the land. The editors of the *Evening Post* hoped until the last that one single word, one bit of righteous flaming indignation, one far-reaching and constructive appeal, one hopeful stimulating word about the horrible plight in which the world found itself might emerge from those once frank and outspoken lips. None came; at the last moment, disillusioned and disappointed, they reluctantly turned again to support the candidacy of Woodrow Wilson. The independent vote, which had been Governor Hughes's chief support and greatest power, was his no longer. True, he carried New York, but not the Union, and the bitterest disappointment that could come to an American citizen—to believe himself elected to the Presidency and find that this was not the case—was his.

The old fighting Hughes would have taken that dreadful disappointment like a man. But it was days, in 1916, before Mr. Hughes could bring himself to congratulate Woodrow Wilson, and then he did so with a lack of grace, of cordiality, and of sportsmanship that told its own tale of the inner change. Now the darling of the corporation gods, he went back to the practice of the law, and earned yearly what would be a fortune, indeed, to the bulk of the people of the United States. They know how to draw a reformer's teeth in Wall Street; they know how to make him the bulwark of all the things that be, the defender of family life, of the sacred right of private property, of the sanctity of great wealth. And there Mr. Hughes remained, admittedly the head of the American Bar since the death of Joseph H. Choate until he, "Charles the Baptist," the flaming apostle of personal righteousness in public life, accepted the invitation of President Harding to enter the crookedest Cabinet that has ever disgraced the United States of America. There he sat, the brilliant and able associate of, to put it mildly, the weakest and most vulgar of Presidents, of Daugherty, of Fall, and of the Denby whom the former associates of Mr. Hughes on the Supreme Court branded as recreant to his trust. What an irony of fate!

Of course, he kept himself intact. He was not one to join the Cabinet poker parties with the Ohio gang; he shared their drinks no more than their cards. But few can measure adequately the blow that it must have been to the pride of this extremely proud man to know the true character of the Cabinet at the head of which he sat on the right hand of the President. Never once has he, however, referred to it. Nor, as far as I can recall, has he ever scored faithless public servants in the abstract. Not as president of the New York Bar Association has he lifted his voice to denounce public corruption; thus reformer's lips are sealed. The technique of his own job he mastered quickly and in conventional style. Every one of the outworn shibboleths of the statsmanship which went on the rocks in 1914, he made his own. With him the flag everywhere followed the dollar. Under him the powerful cliques in the State Department became more powerful, dollar diplomacy more firmly established, the aggressive imperialism of the country more marked, the dislike of the rest of the world for us stronger and stronger. Able, wrapped in self-righteousness, absolutely satisfied that neither he nor his country could do the slightest wrong; not open to argument; unyielding in the face of all protests; as ready to doubt the Deity Himself as his own wisdom.

There is something profoundly alarming in this type of mind when it reaches high office deeply inoculated with the virus of office-holding and of political ambition. That very self-righteousness makes for a ruthlessness that thinks nothing of sacrificing thousands upon thousands of lives of the youth of one's country to achieve one's ends—you invariably under these circumstances identify yourself with your country. "I and the country," "I and God," as the Kaiser put it, become the same thing. You meet any protestant with pity that he knows so little, that his arguments are so weak, that they make not a dent upon the armor of your right-thinking. You ponder with pity, as did Woodrow Wilson, that there are only three or four other minds comparable to your own. You are the court of final resort, and you pass upon all problems with the same competence, the same confidence, the same directness, and the same power dispensed by justice upon the Supreme Bench of the land. You have only pity for the reformer or idealist, who in his ignorance of official dispatches from official representatives upon the ground, dares to preach to you forbearance, patience, good-will on earth. It is for you, in your wisdom, to say what is right and to outline your policy, knowing that you have the force to make might right.

A brilliant Secretary? Yes. That was a brilliant performance, indeed, when Mr. Hughes opened the Washington Conference for the Limitation of Armaments, and stunned the Conference and thrilled the country with the concrete, business-like proposals for the reduction of armaments—proposals which went through, saved the taxpayers millions upon millions of dollars, and added enormously to the prestige of the United States. Few men are capable of a stroke like that—witness the disaster of a second-rate man and a disloyal admiral at the abortive Coolidge conference in Geneva. Both President Harding and Mr. Hughes looked and acted their parts admirably on that memorable day in Washington. The former Secretary of State wears well the frock coat of statesmanship, and uses ably the "right hand of oratory." The Washington newspaper correspondents testified to his accessibility, to the extraordinary lucidity and ability with which he expounded his ideas—and the skill with which he overwhelmed those who dared to doubt the completeness and the correctness of his creed that the sacred right of private property is the foundation of the family and the family the cornerstone of the state. The United States, he maintained, had always stood for this principle; how could we recognize Mexico or the Soviet Republic—that profane, wicked institution that had laid bloody hands upon private property? Against that profound conviction nothing whatever could make headway. You might, if you dared, and if you were not overwhelmed by the torrent of words with which the Secretary of State always defended

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his position, point out that the United States itself never made compensation for the property stolen by the revolutionists of 1776 from those who remained loyal to King George; that it never compensated the foreign owners of slaves for their slave property of which Emancipation robbed them; that it offered no redress to the foreign stockholders in distilleries and breweries and wine-making companies whose private property was destroyed when prohibition came; that the story of the United States Government's relations with the American Indian is a tale of incredible theft of private property, violation of a sovereign's word, the breaking of close to a hundred treaties that should have been as sacred to us as her treaty with Belgium to Germany. Against Mr. Hughes's armor of self-righteousness facts like these struck as uselessly as the arrows of old against the armor of the Crusaders. Others might fail; others near him might steal and take $100,000 bribes in black bags, and still others prove recreant to the trust placed in them by 115,000,00 people, but Charles E. Hughes stood up straight and strong and adamant, and just, and good—so good one longed for one little touch of human frailty, one little tiny proof—never afforded—that underneath his polished and suave exterior, within that intellectual machine, directed with completest self-control, there is an organ known as a heart. One wonders whether what is needed here is not the lubricity of a few simple sins. Certainly something of the warm sympathy, the rich understanding of plain human beings, which was the one noble quality of Warren Harding, is lacking; something that Harding gained out of sordid experiences in the back-rooms of Ohio saloons and of Ohio newspaper offices, out of his knowledge of the men with their wives and their mistresses who ran the machine that elevated Mr. Harding to the point where the Old Guard and Wall Street decided that he was to be the first citizen of the Republic.

Mr. Hughes in the White House? It's hard to vision it and to believe that it would mean anything to the plain people of America but a rigid, able, supremely self-righteous government imposed from above by one who must admire with all his unusual intellect the blood and iron of Otto von Bismarck. It would not mean one genuine reform, see not one of those radical progressive proposals enacted into law for which Roosevelt and Wilson contended in 1912. There would be the same old imperialistic dollar-diplomacy, no such foolishness as a direct presidential primary, or the establishment of a referendum; no raising of the issue as to whether the courts or the people rule this country, no plan whatever to interfere with the Big Business over-lordship of America, but the steady upbuilding of the might of the state and the executive power as against the people, and the crushing of all opposition—opposition would quickly be lese majesté as it was to Woodrow Wilson. Certainly it is to the old world of what passed for statesmanship and power and righteousness, and narrow conventional religion—to be worn as a cloak but not applied—that Mr. Hughes belongs. And the new world? It may lag far around the corner, and yet it can be achieved, and some day it will be achieved by some young man using his God-given talents to tear the veils from people's eyes, to place something human and divine far above the worship of private property and riches and power and, yes, big business as we know it in America, the "land of the free." Just as once a young lawyer in New York went forth to defy the concentrated power of wealth and business and of wealth-controlled politics, to rescue the invested insurance savings of multitudes, savings that meant to hundreds of thousands the entire product of their lives of toil.

Today the question is whether the Big Business of the East, backed by Andrew Mellon, will nominate for the Presidency of 1928, Hughes the wrecker and Bolshevik of 1906, or whether the Big Business of the West will insist upon Charles G. Dawes of Chicago, who, so rumor has it, was once a dues-paying member of the Socialist Party of Illinois. Times, yes, and men, too, . . .

Is This America?

By IDA TREAT

Paris, September 19

MOBILIZATION day—for the church, the army, the fascists, the police, Montmartre, and Montparnasse—for everyone in fact who for reasons personal or political has determined to give the American veterans a rousing welcome. Many of those whom the war robbed of their dearest affections have turned out to cheer the "pious pilgrimage" of their brothers in arms. But it is the political element that dominates.

Welcome to the Legion!—to show that, for all their noisy demonstrations, the radicals do not yet rule in France. Welcome to the Legion!—to show that we can be hospitable even to our creditors. Tomorrow, who knows? you may be our bulwark against the advance of bolshevism. Tomorrow, who knows? you may help us to arrange a little matter of war debts. (When one asks a man to dinner, he may find it embarrassing to present a bill.)

The stage is set. The boulevards are flooded with electricity. Every public building wears its tiara of gas-jets. Fountains play. Colored projectors flash across Paris. Autobuses and taxis, churches, monuments, banks, and shops, marry the tricolor and the starry flag.

Each of the twin towers of Notre Dame bears its red-white-and-blue, blue-white-and-red banner. At yesterday's ceremony within the vast nave, hung with red and gold and bristling with flags, the Legion made its first official bow to Paris, presented by the Reverend Joseph Wolfe, national chaplain. "The ideals of our country have never been surpassed in the history of any government in the world. . . . An ideal that never goes to extremes or radicalism. . . . An ideal that has given us . . . a violent hatred of oppression and injustice, and an ardent sympathy for the weak, the disinherited, and for all those who suffer." Organ, orchestra, Star Spangled Banner and Marseillaise.

This morning in the Trocadero the congress opened its first session—a little behind schedule, as the congress (insinuates *les Débats*) is "doubtless not the main attraction." More red and gold. An orgy of banners. Organ and brass in crashing, conflicting tumult. Hymns, Madelon, Tipperary, speeches in two tongues, prayers and hurrahs.

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The air of a football game in a church. A single voice piping "Vive Sacco et Vanzetti!"—promptly suppressed.

And now at last—the grand parade, source of considerable apprehension on the part of its sponsors—in spite of the carefully restricted itinerary and the elaborate "precautions" of the Prefecture. At noon, the Place d'Iéna is martial with bugles and drums. Regiments of horizon blue. Gold- and silver-braided officials. Shoals of police, mounted and on foot, parked in truck-loads in the adjacent streets. The Legion gathers, flushed and boisterous, from a thousand noisy lunch-tables. In the Place de l'Etoile they have taken down the chains that bar the Arc de Triomphe. After the Germans in '71, after the troops of the victory in '19, the way to glory is open for the passage of the "pious pilgrims." All down the Champs Elysées a double line of soldiers. *Agents de ville,* holster on hip. Plain clothes men, moustached and derby-hatted, circulate uneasily through the crowd. There is nothing in the crowd to warrant their attention: strolling bourgeois, well-dressed foreigners, employees from government offices closed for the day. *Jeunesses Patriotes* in determined groups. A triple row along the Champs Elysées, denser masses at the Concorde, the Opera, and the Place de l'Hotel de Ville. A Sunday atmosphere rather than that of a holiday. No electricity in the air.

There is a stir at the Etoile, an eddy of flags. The procession is under way. The helmets and switching horsetails of the Republican Guards, their band—playing a brisk and martial *Sambre et Meuse*—open the way for the most amazing cortege that the gray avenues of Paris have ever witnessed. Whatever the Parisians may have anticipated, they were far from expecting this. Uniforms—every shade of the rainbow. Brandenbourgs and pyjamas, cowboys, knights, monks, feathered Indians, flappers in blue and yellow, Columbia draped in a flag, two lonely Negroes drowned in the mass. A forest of banners. Bands and bands and bands. Saxophones, trombones, fifes and bass drums, accordeons. Giant drum-majors. Real silk, real leather, real gold, brand new, flashing, triumphant. A street fair, a circus, a Rotarian carnival. The grand parade. *La guerre, madame.* The Greatest Show on Earth.

The crowd, stunned at first with astonishment, is carried away by the color, the noise, and the movement. Men push and tug, play elbows and shoulders for a better view. Women clamber on chairs. Their audible comments are admiring: "That drum-major—qu'il est beau, qu'il est beau!" "My dear, such marvelous jazz!" "Think what it must have cost!" "In dollars . . ." Or, in undertones: "Are there no *mutilés* among these—veterans?" "Have they lynched all the other Negroes?" "They've forgotten the electric chair!" That for the passage of Massachusetts.

Now and then the anticipated cry flung from a score of frenzied throats: "Vive l'Amerique!"

Is this America?

September 24

The grand parade is over. In the Court of Honor of the Invalides four thousand pious pilgrims have consumed 1,000 quarts of consommé, 60 hams, 1,200 pounds of salmon, 1,200 pounds of beef, an equal quantity of vegetables, salad, cheese, and fruit, 4,500 bottles of wine, and 800 of champagne. They have been dined and fêted, singly and in groups at hotels and palaces and ministeries. They have Charlestoned at the Opera and black-bottomed in the rain on the Place de la Bourse. (With hundreds of Agents de Ville on guard.) Total, two millions of francs. Up at the Trocadero, the business of the Congress goes on—ceremonies and speeches, prayers and jazz, with an attendance that diminishes daily.

The Legion may well be satisfied with its official reception. The officials themselves are doubtless rubbing their hands with satisfaction. Not a hitch anywhere in the whole brilliant program. Paris has seen the Legion. The Legion has seen Paris. But to what extent have the people of France taken part in the festivities?

"There has been no fête—only ceremonies," states the *Quotidien,* liberal organ representing the solid *petite bourgeoisie.* "Curiosity, occasional clamors, but no enthusiasm. . . . A strange national festival in which the nation refused to participate." Why?

It is an open secret that until last May Americans had been growing steadily more unpopular in France. Their popularity dropped with the franc. Anyone in France a year ago remembers the atmosphere when the dollar stood at 45. But that was before Lindbergh. Lindbergh worked a revolution in public sentiment. His achievement first; his personality afterwards—not wholly understood (when do Latin and Nordic completely understand each other?) but none the less admired. Lindbergh—modest, daring, young, drinking water—for once prohibition did not appear ridiculous to French eyes—scorning offers of money and publicity. He was a revelation. A new America whose "ambassador" effaced in a night the war-time and post-war-time impressions of Americans—neither of which was too flattering. With disinterested enthusiasm, Paris—all France in fact—forgot its grudge against the dollar citizens and took Lindbergh, and with him the country of his origin, to its bosom. Perhaps the enthusiasm would not have lasted; perhaps the transition was too rapid to have endured. The fact remains. Then was the time to hold a congress of Americans in Paris. But not after Sacco and Vanzetti.

Few Americans realize how deeply that affair penetrated every layer of French society. No case since the days of Dreyfus has aroused a more wholesale interest. This time, however, there was no divergence of opinion. While Socialists and Communists viewed the affair from the standpoint of the class struggle, and the rest of France from a purely "human" angle, the conclusions were identical: to execute the two Italians after six years of mental torture was nothing less than criminal. What shocked French sentiment more than all the rest was the final postponing of the execution. At the news of that last delay, all France gave a sigh of relief. On every hand one heard the same comment: "Now they are saved. No civilized nation would torture human beings with vain hope up to the last minute. It would be unthinkable." Then came the news of the execution. Stupefaction and horror. It was inconceivable, savage, barbarous. After the demonstrations that took place all over the country on August 23, the reactionary press did attempt a belated defense of American justice. But it was timid and faint-hearted. Public opinion as a whole remained unchanged, however bitter the hatred, on the part of French reactionaries, of the "red" champions of Sacco and Vanzetti. There can be no doubt that their execution planted a knife in the newly born enthusaism for America and Americans. Lindbergh was forgotten—or considered a glorious exception. Frenchmen remember their antipathies, their apprehensions. No mercy over there; today, the pound of flesh, tomorrow—the ducats. Once more America stood in the limelight with all her faults magnified.

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Then came the grand parade. For France—who can doubt it?—the war was not a "grand parade." Though certainly much has been forgotten, still the war remains to France today an experience too terrible and too tragic to be evolved with the color, the noise, and the place of a carnival or a circus. And in spite of official gravity, of solemn talk about "serving God and the nation," of prayers and special services in cathedral and synagogue, the spectacle offered by the Legion in Paris has been on the whole as tactless and as shocking to French sensibilities as would be jazz on the battle-fields.

Undoubtedly all the Legion was not given to carousing. There were those who did attend ceremonies and church services, who did listen religiously to innumerable speeches in a tongue they did not understand, and who presumably did go to bed at ten after a profitable day in the museums. But this was not the Legion that Paris saw. Paris saw the Grand Parade of an imposing military organization. Paris saw the Legion—in tens of hundreds—crowding the dance halls and night restaurants of Montmartre, with rows of police standing by; painting the boulevards a deep alcoholic red; parked in long rows of taxis before the houses with the big numbers; and toted home at four in the morning too far gone to remember its address. Peace-time Paris saw what war-time Paris had already seen: the obviously arrogant, the obviously drunk, giving vent to the opinion that all Paris is a bar and a brothel—and that the town is ours!

Already this impression is finding a reflection in the French press. Not only in the papers of the extreme Left which have been outspoken from the first but—very discreetly as yet—in the organs at the Right. Even the dignified *Temps*, while relating in an admiring key its "strange impression" of the Big Parade that combined "pious duty" with "joyous extravagance," discovers that America, like the land of bolshevism, is confronted with two grave dangers; the "devalorization of the intellectual" and the "dissociation of the family." In the satiric press—unsubsidized—the criticism has already taken on a chauvinistic tone. La Fouchardière, the Mr. Dooley of France, concludes a paper on the Legion that begins—"When are they going home? I don't like their looks anyway and we've seen too many at a time"—with the following paragraph:

> I met my daughter Charlotte out walking with an American. A real American with eyeglasses. There was one who couldn't deny his origin. I didn't say a word . . . but I avenged Georges Carpentier. I knocked him down. . . . And my daughter Charlotte, she said "But papa, he isn't an American, he's only a little salesman from the Galeries Lafayette." But I didn't for an instant regret. . . . When you have the honor of being a Parisian, you don't dishonor yourself by making up like an American.

The Legion—4,000 unofficial "ambassadors," according to the press. But what America do they represent? Is it the old America France had learned to honor; pioneer America, generous, brave, simple, sincere in faith and modest in achievement? America, where the very word militarism was anathema? The America she thought she had found in Lindbergh? For Lindbergh *was* an "ambassador." Roger Baldwin, speaking words of fraternity at the inauguration of the Place Sacco-Vanzetti at Clinchy, while the grand parade pranced down the Champs Elysées, was also an ambassador. But not the "American Legion." Better keep it at home.

An Anti-Trust Law Fiasco

By DEXTER M. KEEZER

WHEN former Attorney General A. Mitchell Palmer, in the austere setting of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia, faced a battery of motion picture cameras, skillfully focused to exclude the fact that no judge was seated on the bench, and read to a humbled and contrite little group "The Packers' Consent Decree" of February 27, 1920, the event was widely proclaimed as a glorious victory of justice over sinister forces. After this striking demonstration, pictures of which were flashed to all corners of the land, a justice of the court was led in to sign the decree about which, it is said, he knew nothing more than that the parties seemed reasonably well satisfied.

Slightly more than five years later, under much less histrionic circumstances, an order was entered in the same court, declaring that "the decree as a whole is suspended until further order of the court, to be made, if at all, after a full hearing on the merits;" and the presiding judge asserted in his opinion that "there seems to be little difference in effect between vacating the decree and suspending its operations." Government appeals from this order have since been dismissed. The packers are seeking to have the suspended decree wiped out entirely. Arguments on this subject will be presented to the United States Supreme Court at the present session. Regardless of the outcome of this case the Consent Decree will at least remain suspended and subject to a "full hearing on the merits" before it can be reinstated. Thus after seven (it may develop into ten) years of legal wrangling, the 1920 "victory" over the great meat packers as anti-trust law violators amounts to little more than an original complaint which, to be sustained, must be supported by evidence to be gathered anywhere from seven to fifteen years after the alleged offenses were committed.

While the force of the decree has been reduced from the mighty roar of an outraged conqueror to little more than a plaintive voice in the wilderness, the record of this strange development is perhaps as important in its implications as that of any major proceeding under the Sherman act in recent years, and is strongly suggestive of a restatement of the entire problem of "trust-busting."

In drawing up the decree Attorney General Palmer followed, as closely as the post-war withdrawal of the government from extensive participation in industry would permit, the recommendations made by the Federal Trade Commission as the result of an extensive investigation of the so-called "Big Five packers," since reduced to the "Big Four" as a result of the merger of the Armour and Morris interests. The other interests involved were those of Swift, Cudahy, and Wilson.

With the stipulation that they should not be presumed to have violated the law these packers accepted a blanket mandate to obey it, and more specifically agreed to divorce themselves from the ownership of stockyards, terminal rail-

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roads, market newspapers, and public cold storage warehouses, except when necessary for their own products. They also consented to disassociate themselves from the retail meat business, a type of activity in which, it was observed after the entrance of the decree, they had never been engaged; and to discontinue manufacture and commerce in a group of "unrelated" commodities, constituting a rather complete catalog of a wholesome grocery stock. The provision in regard to the so-called "unrelated" lines was inspired largely by the trade commission's finding that "not content with reaching out for mastery as to commodities which substitute for meat and its by-products, they have invaded allied industries and even unrelated ones," and that "at the present rate of expansion, within a few years the big packers would control the wholesale distribution of the nation's food supply."

A sweeping decree was obviously needed to meet such a menace as this, but Attorney General Palmer was equal to the task, even if the law was not. When, appearing before a congressional committee on April 3, 1920, he was asked, "The decree goes beyond the law, does it not?" he replied, "In some respects," and when pressed further agreed, "in a great many respects."

But clearly it was no time for technical legal details and such pedantic questions as whether one can be prevented by law from engaging lawfully in the legally approved business of distributing groceries. Mr. Palmer had an engagement in San Francisco to be hailed as the presidential standard bearer of the Democratic party; and he hurried away to participate in his triumphal march, taking with him as one of his most prized trophies the evidence of his victory over the packers which compensated in vigorous rhetoric for what it may have lacked in legal exactness.

When he arrived in California, however, he found that the consent decree involved much more than a few liberties taken with the anti-trust laws. It seemed to a persistent group of California fruit growers engaged in conducting canning enterprises to be a matter of economic life and death. They contended that when the packers, particularly Armour and Company, were barred from the distribution of "unrelated" commodities, including canned fruit, they—the fruit growers—were deprived of an efficient distributive system. Without these distributive facilities they said that their infant cooperative industries would fail, particularly because the wholesale grocers' associations were not sympathetic with their industrial endeavors and were irritated to the point of threatened boycotts because of their advocacy of packer distribution. These farmers were much more persistent in their attentions to Mr. Palmer than were the delegates to the convention, and it is reported that when he left the city of San Francisco without the nomination, he also left little farmer vigilance committees waiting at all places where it was expected he might pass.

Advised that this group of California fruit growers was on the rampage, the National and American Wholesale Grocers' associations obtained permission from the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia to be heard in case of an attempt to modify the decree, and then an April 22, 1922, the California Cooperative Canneries asked permission to intervene in order to seek a modification of the decree which would permit them to enjoy again the use of the packer system of distribution. In its petition, which was vigorously opposed by the wholesale grocers' associations, the cooperative canneries alleged as the reason for this opposition "that the direct and immediate effect of the decree was to create and continue an absolute monopoly in the unrelated commodities in their members' favor." Besides suggesting that its opposition to the decree was bringing upon it the commercial wrath of these powerful trade organizations, the canneries company urged that "if the decree in this cause be not promptly vacated or modified, the very existence of the efficient and economic facilities of the packers for food distribution will entirely disappear, and the producers will be left entirely at the mercy of the wholesale grocers."

The right to intervene, which had been extended to the grocers' associations, was denied to the canneries company by the lower court. The argument, however, that "the consent decree is an outstanding document in the history of this country, and bears the unique distinction of being a palpable violation of the anti-trust laws under the guise of preventing such violation" seemed to the Court of Appeals of the District of Columbia to be worthy of investigation. In his opinion of June 2, 1924, granting permission to the cooperative canneries to intervene, Justice Van Orsdel said, "If the contention . . . is true that the wholesale grocers are using the decree against the packers to strengthen and build up a giant monopoly in their various and varied lines of business, there would seem to be demand for a searching inquiry as to whether or not the court is being used as an agency to restrain one monopoly and thereby promote, strengthen, and build up another. Clearly it is not the policy of the act to accomplish this result."

Although the legal proceedings, which resulted in the suspension of the decree, have not completely run their course, several questions of real public importance would seem to emerge from the legalistic maze.

The first is whether a system of food distribution, admitted by all parties concerned as well as by the Interstate Commerce Commission to be the most efficient yet devised, should be arbitrarily curtailed in order to preserve the vaguely defined blessings of competition. In testifying for the wholesale grocers in one of the many proceedings concerned with the decree, Clifford Thorne said, "the packers have developed, and they deserve the credit for developing the highest type of transportation service that we have." And in reviewing the question of private railroad car lines the Interstate Commerce Commission declared that "no class of cars in railroad service is used more effectively than the cars owned by large shippers," and observed in the case of the large meat packer that he "could no more do business on an efficient and economical basis without his private cars than he could without his modern equipped packing plant."

On the specific complaint of the wholesale grocers' associations that the use by the packers of their private car lines for the distribution of grocery products involved undue discrimination against the grocers who are dependent upon regular railroad freight service, the commission held "that the practices of the defendants (certain railroads) in permitting the meat packers to load certain articles of groceries in their peddler and branch-house cars is not shown to result in undue prejudice to complainants (the grocers' associations) or unduly to prefer the packers."

It would seem that any competitive advantage which the packers enjoy with their system of distribution is that based upon superior efficiency; and in the bulky record compiled concerning the consent decree there is yet to appear a coherent statement of how the public interest will be served

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by destroying that efficiency insofar as it is directed to the distribution of "unrelated" commodities.

The controversy ranging about the consent decree, while primarily concerned with the question of packer distribution of certain lines of groceries, brings into sharp relief a much larger question, involving many of the assumptions underlying the anti-trust laws. Although during the five years in which the decree was operative the Federal Trade Commission found that little progress had been made in carrying out its more important provisions, enough was accomplished to arouse the complaint that it served to foster one monopoly while attempting to destroy another.

This complaint, viewed in connection with the current trend of industrial development, would seem to suggest a real limitation on the effectiveness of the negative type of procedure called for by the anti-trust laws. With the increasing change from competition between individual establishments to competition between large consolidations of related enterprises—a movement surely aided and abetted by the decision of the United States Supreme Court in the United States Steel Corporation case—how much can be done in the way of breaking down restraints of trade and monopolistic conditions in one quarter without playing into the hands of another comparably powerful consolidation?

The anti-trust laws are directed toward a restoration of competitive conditions, and assume that by eliminating certain obstructions to competition that end can be gained. What of the case, which is tending to become the norm, when the competition is between great consolidations and associations which are able to absorb such advantages as are taken from the large scale competitors? Is the policy, under the anti-trust laws, to be to proceed progressively against these various giant competitors as preferential advantages are tossed back and forth among them? To these questions there is no ready answer.

Incidentally, however, it should be noted that the Packers' Consent Decree was not without effect, and a delightfully ironical one at that. It gave the packers, who have probably enjoyed public disfavor during the twentieth century more consistently than any other set of industrialists, their first thoroughly respectable political ally—a group of farmers. The full significance of this odd bit of Mr. Palmer's handicraft is for the future to tell.

In the Driftway

THIS is the season of the year when one hears long sad stories about "how I was robbed in Europe." Gradually one gets the impression that all Europeans are thieves, with Frenchmen and Italians heading the list. And the American Legion convention in Paris has given the old story even wider circulation, for since most of those legionnaires probably never saw France until a month ago, they were easy marks for the most artless Frenchman.

* * * * *

IT is true that when one ceases to be a human being and becomes an "American tourist" one enters a game in which the odds, financially speaking, are heavily against one. To the European, all Americans are rich, and he can hardly be blamed for getting as much as he can out of a golden opportunity. The Drifter has been overcharged in various languages and he has come to care less about the overcharge than about the method in which it is administered. He much prefers, for instance, to be overcharged in Italian to being mulcted in Austrian. He still shudders at the thought of the surly hotel keeper in Innsbruck who not only collected an outrageous price for a cheerless room but was so consistently unpleasant that the Drifter cut short his visit and hurried on to Italy. And then, what a difference! He arrived in Verona late in the evening loaded with two heavy bags. He started for the tram car which he was told would take him to the city. (The new station at Verona is half a mile outside the city gates.) At the door of the station, he encountered a smiling gentleman who stopped him with a magnificent gesture and pointed at his bags. Through the door the Drifter could see the tram, but the courteous smiling one was telling him that his bags were too big to be carried on the car. Further, the Drifter learned that the gentleman was the motorman of that tram.

* * * * *

IT was distressing. The hour was late. The Drifter was very tired—and his bags were too big. Yet the little man was smiling so gaily that the Drifter couldn't help feeling that it was all a great lark. It warmed his heart and he forgot all about Innsbruck. Suddenly the motorman, perceiving that the Drifter was either stubborn or stupid, indicated by certain unmistakable signs that money—a lira or two—might make his bags less of a problem. So the Drifter was allowed, amid much bowing and smiling and many knowing looks, to enter the tram along with the bags, which the motorman seemed to have no difficulty in stowing. On the way to town, the Drifter inquired for a good hotel and the motorman was voluble in his assurances of help. A few minutes later the car stopped, the motorman picked up the Drifter's bags and graciously led the way to a hotel, while his other passengers waited. Of course this service cost the Drifter something, too, but was not such a welcome worth the price? THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Brandeis, Holmes, Sacco, and Vanzetti

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The pleasure I had in reading Norman Hapgood's article on Justice Brandeis in a recent issue of *The Nation* was marred somewhat by the memory of a passage from a letter written by Bartolomeo Vanzetti to Professor Harry Dana, bearing the historic date of August 22, 1927:

> Judge Holmes repelled our appeal on the ground that the State Supreme Court had passed on the case and he does not want to invade the State court ground.
>
> Yesterday, Justice Brandeis repelled our appeal on the ground of personal reasons; to wit, because he or members of his family are favorably interested in our case, as demonstrated by the fact that after our arrest Rosa and her children went to live for a month in an empty house of Justice Brandeis, in Dedham, Mass.
>
> These two justices are the symbols of liberalism in the Federal Supreme Court and they turned us their shoulders.
>
> Now our lawyers are presenting the appeal to Justice Stone. Since the other federal supreme justices are reactionary, well, that will be a good ground on which to repel our appeal. So that it is coming to pass that some justices repel our appeal because they are friendly with us and the other justices repel our appeal because they are hostile to us, and through this elegant *fouche caudine,* we are led straight to the electric chair.

New York City, October 7 CHARLES YALE HARRISON

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TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I return herewith various letters, drawn out by my article in *The Nation* of October 5, all to the same effect. The writers charge that Justice Brandeis, and likewise Justice Holmes, are false to liberalism because they refused to intervene in the Sacco-Vanzetti case.

Justice Holmes refused, after a hearing, to interfere in the case on the ground of lack of jurisdiction. Justice Brandeis would, in my opinion, have reached the same conclusion as Justice Holmes, but he never got that far. He was prevented by a personal disqualification. He has always acted strictly on the principle that he would not sit in any case where he had any personal interest. He kept out of a minimum-wage case because one of his daughters had been working on a minimum-wage board. He looked upon himself as disqualified in the Sacco- Vanzetti case because his family had been actively interested in getting the men off. He might have added also, had he thought it best, that the woman who is perhaps the oldest and closest friend of the family had been for seven years the backbone of the effort to free the defendants, and had made far more sacrifices for that cause than anyone else.

The people who wrote the letters to *The Nation* are not lawyers, and do not understand the obligations of a judge not to usurp power merely because he wishes that a different outcome had been reached. They do not understand that if Justice Holmes or Justice Brandeis would have been justified in exceeding his powers in order to accomplish one result, then Judge Thayer was justified in abusing his opportunities, as he did, in order to send Sacco and Vanzetti to the chair because he happened to think them guilty. President Lowell would then be justified in his inaccurate and personal use of the record to reach a result he wished to reach. It is a poor way to get ahead, to meet one judicial lynching by a state by clamoring for another kind of judicial usurpation. The two greatest judges in America would not be the men they are if their conception of their powers and duties changed because their personal sympathies were involved.

While Thayer is entirely unfit, the basic evil of the Sacco-Vanzetti case is not in the law, faulty as the Massachusetts law is. It is in public opinion. That the war made us wish to lynch dissenters was inevitable. If we are going to have wars we are going to lynch those who oppose the majority. The Sacco-Vanzetti case started in the post-war frenzy. A sadder fact is that nine-tenths or more of the people of Massachusetts are still in a lynching mood toward alien revolutionary theorists. While that remains the situation, no change in the law would mean much. I fear that readers who seek a cure in asking our most conscientious judges to ignore their prescribed duties in order to bring about what they deem moral results are encouraging the disregard of permanent principles that is the very thing from which we suffer.

New York, October 6 NORMAN HAPGOOD

A Christian Bishop

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The following is taken from Bishop Lawrence's "Memories of a Happy Life." In other matters Bishop Lawrence really has proved that he does possess moral courage. It reveals the subtle poison of the South's Bourbonism acting upon a man who in the North undoubtedly looked upon himself as a leader of men:

> To show how stupid we Northerners can be, I will tell a story of how by one sentence I came near breaking up the whole trip. [He refers to one of the late Robert Ogden's trips into the South, visiting the schools for colored people.] It was at Tuskegee. The chapel was filled with hundreds of whites and Negroes. Booker Washington called me unexpectedly to the platform to say a few words. In order to give myself time to think what to say, I began, "When Dr. Washington comes to Boston, my children always want to have him come to lunch or dinner; it is a pleasure, therefore, to me to be entertained by him here." Then I began a short address, but felt that something—I did not know what—had dropped with a thud; and after a few feeble sentences I sat down. . . . I suspected nothing until the next day, as a few of us were sitting on the piazza . . . the wife of the Governor said to me, "Bishop, if you lived in the South would you entertain Booker Washington?" I looked at her, and the truth dawned on me as I said, "I did make a fool of myself yesterday, I had no idea." "Oh," she interrupted, "I did not mean that. I want to know." "If I lived in the South [the Bishop replied] "I am sure that I should do as Southern gentlemen do and should not entertain him. But living in the North, I feel as a Northern gentleman at liberty to do so."

Evidently he felt that he had met the situation admirably, and he goes on to talk of other things. It seems never to have occurred to him that he had missed the opportunity to reply that Dr. Washington was one of the greatest educators of the country and one of the two or three greatest orators, and that he would feel honored to entertain such a man wherever he happened to live! The Governor's wife had not asked the Bishop what he would have done had he been born a Southerner, but merely if he had been living in the South. Also note the manner in which the Bishop himself introduces the episode—"To show how *stupid* we Northerners can be," Therein lies the significance of the entire story. It is considered a social solecism to mention the Negro question in the South. One is looked down upon (and this is what gets under the skin of the Northerner and makes him lose his Northern viewpoint) as one who is not acquainted with good social usages, and is not quite a lady or a gentleman. The consequence is that the growing number of liberals in the South receive no support at all—not even from the majority of the liberals who visit the South.

ANNIE NATHAN MEYER

Woods Hole, Massachusetts, October 2

Who'll Help?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: May I suggest, through the columns of *The Nation*, that all who can, be they editors or private folk, reprint Romain Rolland's remarkable article in *The Nation* and let it be known where the reprints can be secured for distribution.

There could be no better beginning for the movement to clear the names of Sacco and Vanzetti. Massachusetts people particularly should be bombarded with copies of this splendid expression of opinion.

Manchester by the Sea, Mass., Sept. 29

BLANCHE WATSON

Rosicrucianism

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: A copy of *The Nation*, dated September 14, has found its way to my desk, and I note an article written by Aldrich Blake entitled Oklahoma Goes Rosicrucian, in which he hints at the fact that Governor Johnston's political enemies seek his removal because he has adopted the religion of the Rosicrucians. . . .

Mr. Blake admits that in the earlier days of Governor Johnston's life he was known as a good fellow and upheld the liquor interests, but that he has now become a teetotaler, a churchman, and a clean man generally. This should be greatly in his favor in the eyes of the general public. If Governor Johnston has become a vegetarian he has perhaps realized that a clean diet is conducive to health and to clear thinking, which

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is a very necessary thing in his executive work. As to his membership in the Rosicrucian Fellowship which has its headquarters at Oceanside, California, Governor Johnston has at no time been a member of our organization, neither has his assistant, Mrs. O. O. Hammonds, been ever directly associated with the Rosicrucian Fellowship.

If the interest which has been displayed by the above two people in the science of astrology is held against them it is a pity, or if Governor Johnston was perhaps a little over-zealous in the signing of the bill for the hospital for crippled children, and endeavored to use this science when the planets were propitious for the best of the work, he did this for the good that might arise from the benefic aspects of the planets, but this should be a very lame excuse for his enemies to attack him.

It would be a pity if the Christian people in the State of Oklahoma would permit the removal of so worthy and so clean a representative as Governor Henry Johnston simply because he is interested in or has spoken favorably of the Rosicrucian teachings.

MRS. MAX HEINDEL,
President, The Rosicrucian Fellowship

Oceanside, California, September 28

The Gandhi Relief Fund

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Recent newspaper dispatches have told of disastrous floods in India. Private letters have now brought full details of a colossal calamity. A fall of fifty inches of rain in four days over an area larger than Great Britain engulfed hundreds of villages, rendered more than 500,000 people homeless, destroyed crops, cattle, and all means of livelihood. In Ahmedabad, Gandhi's home, more than 5,000 houses were swept away and the people left destitute. Gandhi's famous school, the Ashram, was under water for days and all the buildings have been left in a precarious condition.

A Gandhi Relief Fund is being raised by the undersigned, and appeal is herewith made to all friends of India and of India's great spiritual leader to render aid. An initial contribution of $100 is already on its way and a steady flow of gifts is now besought. Money in any amount sent to Mr. Holmes, at 12 Park Avenue, New York City, will be forwarded at once.

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES
New York, September 30 HARRY F. WARD

Another Son of Massachusetts

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Please count me as another of those who, still hoping, almost against hope, that progress may be achieved without bloodshed, and, son of Massachusetts as I am, heavyhearted with the thought of how she has put herself and the whole United States to shame before the eyes of the world by her treatment of Sacco and Vanzetti,—count me, I say, as one of those who are indebted to *The Nation* for seeing clearly and stating forcibly the issues at stake.

Berkeley, Cal., September 14 ROBERT F. LEAVENS

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English Philosopher, Essayist, Publicist — Author of "Story of Philosophy"
SAMUEL UNTERMYER, Chairman
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Books and Plays

Eavesdropper

By DAVID MORTON

The talk among the poplars is of rain:
From leaf to leaf the eager gossip goes,
Out in the dark, low-pitched and very plain,
Tree unto tree telling the thing it knows.
This delicate and silver sound they make
Would seem tonight to have no league with sorrow,
Yet all my thought is saddened for the sake
Of poplars that will strip their leaves tomorrow.

For I who lie here listening in the dark
Learn in this wise how rain will fill the dawn,
And how the slow, uncertain light will mark
Their hammered-silver shining from the lawn,—
One listener, secret as the gnomes and elves,
Who heard the poplars talking to themselves.

First Glance

IF one did not already suspect "The Story of Philosophy" one would have to suspect it after reading its author's "mental autobiography," which appears now under the pretentious title "Transition" (Simon and Schuster: $3). Is this all the philosophers could do for Dr. Durant? It is a vulgar, barren, and simple-minded book, this autobiography, and I blush for the philosophers who have made the reputation behind it. Doubtless they are guiltless. Doubtless it is true, as the minority report on "The Story of Philosophy" has it, that Dr. Durant never proved his right to be clubby with Plato, Spinoza, and the rest. Still I blush for them.

Take the hero's love affairs—and it is proper to do this since he makes so much of them himself, and tells us with such a lack of passion how as a very young man he yearned to bite the flesh of girls. There was Irene, for instance.

> Where is Irene now? What a shame it is that I do not know, that I allowed the chaotic currents of our diverse lives to make us strangers in the world! I am told that she became a nun, and disappeared into the anonymity of the convent. Perhaps if I saw her now I should not recognize her—though I am sure that she is beautiful still. No doubt these profane pages will be hidden from her pious eyes, lest she should remember that she once had kissable knees.

And better yet there was Rose.

> Alas, poor Rose, I helped to wither you, did I not?—sipping your honey greedily and then passing on as coldly as the wind that blows a petal from a flower. I did not hurt you, and I left you as when you first discovered love; but I was shamefully unkind to you. When I met a lass fairer than yourself, I tired of you, not understanding yet the joy of honor and fidelity; and to free myself I told you that I was an unbeliever, so that you might send me away. You did what I wished; but I know that you would have come with me had I asked you even once more; and it was brutal of me not to ask that once again. I wonder where you are now, and if you are happy? Perhaps in your modest way you are happier than I, happier than any man can be who has read the books of the philosophers.

Dear, dear, it is all so beautiful and melancholy—these Girls Who Have Influenced Me, and in their humble way left me a finer and a wiser man. Dr. Durant, I imagine, has thought to forestall criticism of such passages by admitting on the title-page that "Transition" is a "sentimental story." In my opinion it is not even that. It is a work of perfectly cool and commonplace conceit, written in the very language its author must have been using when the city editor of the New York *Journal* said to him one day: "You're not the man for newspaper work. You're too soft and literary."

Soft and literary. There you are, and if you want more evidence read the book, which is amusing for its badness when it is not shocking in its simplicity. It pretends—hence its title—to be the story not merely of a mind but of an age; and we are expected to find in it the fable of a generation which, losing its faith, fell into confusion. But there is no confusion; the book is all too clear. The hero falls from religion, rises to radicalism, falls again to cynicism and despair, and at the end rises once more—having become "a daddy"—to heights whence he can reflect that progress after all is possible in a world of parental love—see "how it lifts the children upon the shoulders of the parents, generation after generation, and raises life to higher levels of enterprise and thought!" Our age never enters, except to be travestied thus. Soft and literary.

MARK VAN DOREN

Man as a Mechanism

The Human Body. By Logan Clendening, M. D. Alfred A. Knopf. $6.

THERE is in this somewhat formidable tome (it weighs more than three pounds) a mellow and amiable wisdom which lifts it far above the level of its kind. It is devoid alike of the evasions and obfuscations which make nonsense of the school physiology books, and of the propagandist fervor which botches most of the handbooks for older and more wicked readers. Dr. Clendening, who is a successful physician in Kansas City and an author of standard medical texts, is quite innocent of evangelical passion. It seems to him to be quite natural that men should abuse their bodies and get into trouble; he is philosopher enough to view disease without growing indignant. What he has to say about the dreadful subject of sex, for example, will probably cause uproars among the sex hygienists, and what he has to say about exercise will shock every golfer in the land. But it is hard to read his book without gathering the impression that he knows precisely what he is talking about. A background of hard experience, at the bedside and in the laboratory, looms behind him. When he describes a bone, it is obvious at once that he has seen, handled, and (in his aloof, scientific way) loved that bone, and when he speaks of a disease it is with the authority of a man who has actually wrestled with it. A good deal of the charming humanism of the late Sir William Osler is in him. He writes gracefully and clearly, and he never forgets that the human machine is also a man, and that the man has hopes and dreams as well as liver and lights. Most medical men write atrociously, especially when they address the layman, but not Dr. Clendening.

The plan of his book is simple and excellent. He assumes, first, that his readers are intelligent and that the basic facts of anatomy and physiology are thus within their grasp, and he assumes, second, that they are seldom interested in those facts save when they have a pain somewhere, or are otherwise out of kilter. This last assumption, it seems to me, is a sound one; I myself, though I am excessively educated, had never heard of the synovial membrane until the dissipation of laying bricks brought me synovitis in the wrist. But it is one thing to explain

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to the layman the mechanics and chemistry of his frequent infirmities, and quite another thing to set him insanely to doctoring himself. This unwisdom Dr. Clendening very adroitly avoids, and without any gloomy warnings and alarms. What he exhibits constantly is the fact that disease is usually a very complicated matter—that there is no curing it without a thorough study of its nature, its seat, and its causes. He makes that fact plain without any punditic eye-rolling. The reader, made privy to the chief landmarks, comes away with a cautious respect for the jungles intervening. If, having read and attended, he yet essays to cure himself, then it is a sign that God, having marked him for early bliss, has not bothered to give him sense.

Dr. Clendening begins with a chapter upon what might be called human normalcy: he describes the ideal human body, and shows how far an individual may depart from that ideal without being a pathological case. Then, after a chapter on heredity and environment, and another on the cell, he follows the classical course through the bones, the muscles, the skin, the digestive system, the respiratory system, the blood, and the nerves, ending with chapters on the relations of the body to the mind, the reproductive mechanism, and the elements of general pathology. At all points he offers clear and effective drawings: they show all that is necessary, and nothing else. And at all points he illuminates his discourse with apposite parables and anecdotes, many of them from medical history. Describing the cell, he does not forget old Theodor Schwann, and dealing with the heart and its disorders, and the effects of digitalis thereon, he pauses long enough for an eloquent and fascinating account of the debt that humanity owes to William Withering and James Mackenzie. The book is immensely readable; it was made to be read. The grisly flavor of the average medical work for laymen is not in it. There are no horrors, and there is no preaching. Dr. Clendening is too busy explaining things that obviously interest him enormously to stop to argue anything.

In his chapters on sex, at the end, there is more sound sense than you will find in all the so-called sex hygiene books ever written. He simply refuses to give any credit to the conventional horrors. For the teaching of "the facts of life" by scared schoolma'ms and bawdy lady doctors he has only derision. The gutter, he maintains is a better school. But the gutter views sex as a joke! Well, to a large extent that is precisely what it is. The effort to convert a fascinating mystery into a horror comparable to hydrophobia or Calvinism has only piled up obscenities: the teacher, no doubt, gets a thrill out of it, but the pupils get only bad dreams. Nor is Dr. Clendening deluded by the current pother about the venereal diseases. As a practical medical man, he is well aware that syphilis and gonorrhea, if taken in time, are quite amenable to treatment—that many other diseases are far worse. He describes their symptoms simply and decently, and tells what may be done about them. He describes all the other common distempers of man in the same way. His book is sound in its facts, admirable in its clarity, and very charmingly written. It is, by long odds, the best work of its kind that has yet come to light in America.

H. L. Mencken

The Biography of a Complex

The Locomotive God. By William Ellery Leonard. The Century Company. $4.

IN June, 1911, William Ellery Leonard, poet and philologist, went for a walk with a friend. The tragic death of his wife and the hostile attitude of some of that wife's friends had reduced him to a state near nervous collapse, but when he turned with his friend into a little road house he was not, so far as he knew, the victim of any definite psychic disorder. Then his eye fell upon a map, advertising the Northwestern Railroad company, in the center of which was pictured an on-rushing locomotive. Without his ceasing to realize the real nature of the object it suddenly became a symbol—the locomotive was an avenging God sweeping forward to destroy him and his guilt.

Struggling to gain possession of himself he lit a cigar and began to make random sketches upon a piece of paper, but the odor of the cigar intensified his terror and the sketches were sketches of locomotives. As he left the door of the road house, a train, horribly like that upon the wall, was passing across a meadow and in spite of the fact that the meadow was empty he was oppressed by an unreasonably intense conviction that boys were playing baseball near by. A few minutes later he begged for a moment alone and, walking four or five hundred feet away, stood looking out from the edge of a bluff. Premonitions of terror came upon him. He called to his friend but received no answer. The whistle of a freight train came across the fields and suddenly diffused premonitions became acute panic. The train, half a mile away, was about to bear down upon him, and then from out the sky a chariot drawn by two shining horses rushed upon him. Mad with terror he got back somehow to his friend, the panic subsided for a time, only to return a few minutes later and in a commandeered automobile he was taken home. Since that day he has never "walked or ridden, alone or with others, as a normal man." He has taught his classes, written his books, and, upon one or two occasions, made brief agonizing journeys in a train; but he cannot, without running the risk of utter and unmasterable panic, go further than the distance of a short walk from the apartment where he lives and the university where he teaches. The safety of home must be always near.

Such cases as this are, of course, the commonplace of all text-books in abnormal psychology, but Mr. Leonard's book is unique as a frank, first-hand account by a man whose mind is of the first order and who is gifted with extraordinary powers of expression. It tells the story of a life very much worth the telling for reasons which have nothing to do with the phenomenon which has come to play a disastrously large part in that life, and it tells besides a fascinating story of the quest for forgotten memories which might throw some light upon the origin of his Locomotive God. That quest leads him first to an incident in boyhood when a mob of derisive school boys chasing him home were half hallucinated into an on-rushing locomotive and it discovers the ball-game as part of that incident, but it reaches its end when the mind gradually recovers an experience, totally forgotten but verified in the memory of others, which occurred when the author was two and a half years old. On the platform of a station he gets his first terrified sight of a locomotive. As it roars past a jet of steam scalds him slightly and in the presence of a little girl before whom he has been playing the dominant male he rushes screaming for mother, home, and safety. A man with a cigar diffuses the pungent odor of tobacco. The boy wonders if Mary thinks he is a fool.

Mr. Leonard does not attempt to make magic out of psychoanalysis. His childhood memories were recovered by himself with the aid of two members of the psychology department at Wisconsin, he is not cured, and he does not feel sure that he ever will be. He is well aware of the fact that an orthodox analyst would be inclined to deny that the ultimate cause of a neurosis can be found by the victim since it is protected and cherished by him; but he has no great faith in either the specific theories or the therapeutic methods of the orthodox analyst, and he is content to find at least a partial explanation of his predicament in the incident just recorded. His book does not pretend to settle the problem with which it is concerned, but it does consider thoughtfully all the questions which arise in connection with it. Was, for example, this childhood fright in itself a sufficient cause of the phobia and to what extent has that phobia influenced the direction and character of his work?

Mr. Leonard finds no evidence of any hereditary disposition toward nervous disorders, but he does not minimize the effect of the abnormal strains to which he was subjected after the death of his wife and which made him succumb to the effects of a sup-

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pressed memory which might never have seriously disturbed a nervous organization not already subjected to unusual stresses. Nor is he inclined to make too close an identification between his obsessions and his creative impulses. Admitting that "The Lynching Bee" probably owed something to a subconscious memory of the mob of urchins which had once pursued him, he nevertheless refuses to identify poetry and neurosis. "I could have become a phobiac without becoming a poet or half a poet, and vice versa. But there does remain a connection; a sensitive, imaginative, emotional organization is the prerequisite for becoming either half a poet or a good phobiac. The poet is by constitution more exposed than most mortals to initial shock; the poet is more exposed to the subconscious effects of initial shock; but all men are exposed in some degree. And the poet may escape this exposure or the calamities of this exposure as most poets or other artists have in fact escaped. I was one who did not escape." "My . . . incomplete science," he adds, "can get no farther." And that, indeed, is about as far as anyone's can get.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Blood and Banners

The Black Douglas. By Donald Douglas. George H. Doran Company. $2.50.

IN most historical romances you keep thinking all the time of reference books and the author visiting ruins with a pair of field glasses or working in a library reading up on costumes. And usually there are footnotes and in the back an enormous bibliography destroys most of the imaginative content of the book. Usually a peasant is set aside to be rustic and humorous in dialect that is never completely translated and his costume is so minutely described that you imagine it is to give the "feel" of the period. But those are bad books and this is a good one.

Here a dog is completely evoked simply by saying "the hound broke through the trees" and the five men who follow him are described as having "faces rough as bark"—no more than that, and yet you see their thick legs and necks and hear their panting. There are old peasant hags who "mutter as if their mouths are filled with oats" and there is a language that is described as the "glug of apes." All through the book are vivid words that evoke not only a face or a figure but the background, the country, the house, the particular room and chair, all with a mysterious power.

There is the shock and mystery of meeting people face to face as if they had never died. You see the past as if it had never faded or turned to earth. You meet the Black Douglas and Robert the Bruce in the flesh, they walk into your room to rest between battles. You know their horses and can pick them out in battle and you know how they look as they pull themselves on their stomachs through a dangerous wood. You watch the English ride down a hill with a hound in front. "He saw their basnets flame in the sun and the field shone with pennon and shield and spear. Bright banners flapped in the wind and hauberks gleamed white as flour and coat-armor ran to a knot of color so that they rode like a troop of bright angels let down from the thrones of the sky."

But none of this means that the book is pleasant or that women will sit up all night reading it. There is only one woman in the story, a creature too patient and agreeable to be real, and none of the men want to die for her and they don't even pretend that they want to—they are all pledged to their King and to saving Scotland from the English. (Should a good historical romance be so realistic?) The good creature never comes to life. She marries the Black Douglas while she is held in a castle for ransom. He endangers his life to see her, goes through the slime, climbs a castle wall, but all of that occupies a very small portion of the book, a dozen pages or so. She has a child and tries to escape with it and the Douglas and is killed in a meadow near the castle.

The saddest part of the woman's brief story is that her husband appears to feel the death of the King (who gives him his heart to take to the crusades) more than he does her death. He speaks to the contrary and falls into blackness but you don't believe him. His happiness is in a world of men and war, on plains that surge with blood and where heads float with tongues straining out and necks show cords turned soft and black. Here his will is his own even though he serves his king, and he is forever free from women and the responsibility of their love.

But women played the important roles in Mr. Douglas's first book, "The Grand Inquisitor." They were simple, tragic women who wanted to be biological and permanent and secure. They were present all through the book in some form; sometimes they lurked in the background like stealthy cats with incredible claws unsheathed, sometimes they were huge spiders with green eyes, or witches who were reaching for the souls and wills and manhood of the men they intended to own. These women wanted to draw men into their world, they could endure no separation, and the men fought to remain separate, in possession of themselves, free to seek beyond fulfilment in love and sex. The book had a fiendish nightmare quality. The whole city was crowded into it and you saw it shake and groan and dissolve before your eyes. And one man freed himself by killing the image he had made of the woman he loved and the other sank down in madness. In this new book the hero is happier but the woman, though more ideal and noble, less real. And their worlds are separate and miles apart.

There is a man in "The Black Douglas," William Francis by name, who talks with Randolph. Francis is to climb the wall and it suddenly reminds him that he used to climb out of his father's house at night with a rope ladder twelve feet long and go to see a girl in the town. He stares ahead with a fierce look and then says to Randolph: "Ah, my lord, one's love for a wench is a thing of one year. One's love for the King . . ." And Randolph replied: "Your love shall not bring you death."

Besides Douglas and the King there is a third figure in this book who is not forgotten, who stays around even though he was slain by the Black Douglas, and whose meaning is buried. With all the brightness of banners in the sun and hoof beats and victory this awful figure stays. "He saw a cowl shield a face sallow as mud in a robed man that came in a slow creep over the floor. He saw hands yellow like bilge and the fingers dried like stale claws. He saw black eyes that fell at his look . . ." He gets a dagger through him and spills on the floor "like a yellow worm," but even at the end he is alive and the Black Douglas and the King are alive.

MARGERY LATIMER

Jim, Slim, and Bill

Circus Parade. By Jim Tully. Albert and Charles Boni. $2.50.
The Main Stem. By William Edge. The Vanguard Press. Fifty cents.

LIKE most parades "Circus Parade" is a gaudy and vulgar spectacle, only here the clowns wear no masks, the ladies no spangles, the tent-stretching crew no gloves. No species of the class is omitted from the human menagerie which travels with "Cameron's World's Greatest Combined Shows." The mean, lean, taloned, competent Cameron, owner; his woman, Baby Buzzard, a leering, outworn bare-back rider; Silver Moon Dugan, who could "redlight" (pitch out of a moving train) an honest boy whose money he had in charge; Slug Finnerty and Gorilla Haley, who belonged to Dugan's gang of tent pitchers; the tragic Denna Wyoming, lion trainer; the profoundly pathetic Strong Woman; the hideous-souled Blackie, a Negro roustabout; the Moss-Haired Girl; side-show barkers, circus trailers, rubes real and rubes pretended—they are all here. We see them as they appear without, but the interest is focussed on what they are within. The next time I look out the car window as my train whizzes past a circus train waiting on a side-track, I shall have

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a better basis for wondering about the enigmatical faces that return my glance.

Jim Tully writes of his own experiences as a hobo who threw in with Cameron's shows. The critics all say that he has strength in his pen; he has. He also has a fatal facility. His formula for baring souls is too simple, sometimes superficial. Often he fails to perceive that mere nakedness may be no more revealing of character than Victorian wrappings. He has a sense of humor that William Edge does not have and somehow he better combines sympathy and detachment; but I doubt if he is as convincing.

During war time William Edge threw in with a man named Slim to work and bum over America. Slim had reformed from living in bourgeois comfort in order to follow the philosophy of Danny de Leon, socialist, and also to evolve and practice a labor philosophy of his own. Despite a lot of talk, recorded in "The Main Stem," that philosophy is vague. The two sophisticated hobo laborers wandered from city to city, from camp to camp, sometimes working hard and sometimes malingering but nearly always drawing fine wages; occasionally stealing, occasionally lying, always feeling superior to bosses and capital. The best thing about the book is the insight it gives into the ethics and morals of munition factory workers of both sexes. All the time he was wandering Mr. Edge had a notebook in his head, and it was a stroke of fortune when sickness sent him back to clean sheets, a respectable home, and a typewriter.

J. Frank Dobie

A Frightened Woman

Flowering Quince. By Dorothy Van Doren. George H. Doran Company. $2.50.

MOST novels weary me. They seem a sweet and sickish dope not warranted to distract from the world about us. Occasionally I find one peopled by characters so wholly created, and so intent upon their business, that they in turn blow into me some breath of life. On equally rare occasions I find more delicate pleasure in a novel that seems to be written with disquieting quietness about something I have myself seen, noticed the stuff of but not the design. I am interested. The novel seems written for me to read, not to be sold to an editor primarily, or to preach a simple and saccharine gospel to the readers of women's magazines which the author most certainly does not live by.

Dorothy Van Doren's second novel is more beautiful than her first. "Strangers" was a calm recital of interwoven and very nice adulteries that turned gossip into social pattern, that left us without a moral but with a new sensitiveness. "Flowering Quince" is the story of a passive, sentimental woman. I have been reading it on the Massachusetts coast, with the Queen Anne's lace on the meadow as beautiful as was ever the rosy bush in Katherine Tanner's garden. Processions of Greeks and Poles go by my house to the stocking mills. Rich Jewish commercial artists have early American estates, on the road to the dunes, and a Chicago bath-tub manufacturer has built a three-million-dollar mansion on the top of the finest hill and enclosed the beach where ten generations of natives have gone for midsummer bathing. Of such social changes "Flowering Quince" takes no notice.

But of the women I meet in the morning, not women to whom nothing could have happened, nor merely women to whom nothing has happened, but women who would not let anything happen to them, this story is one account. You would say the heroine is of no importance, except that there she is, a peculiarly American phenomenon, her brown braids wound about her head, busy, asking the tenderness of understanding for her still-born puritan integrity. How did so many women come to be so afraid? How did so many women come to go to college, impervious there to any of the maggots called ideas? The novel asks no such questions, but with sure and sedate narration traces faint but flowing the life and adventures of the minister's daughter who found her greatest satisfaction in a flowering bush. What became of the dark-haired school teacher? The book is full of episodes without sequels. That is part of its life-like charm. Do the bolder women achieve very much? No, not especially. The war is there, seen through Emily Ann's eyes, the bank, the banker, lavish but a curiously impoverished man, and an old bush, a gnarled, sprawling quince bush, pyrus japonicus, pink flowering. . . .

Ernestine Evans

Books in Brief

The Private Diary of Leo Tolstoy, 1853-1857. Edited by Aylmer Maude. Translated by Louise and Aylmer Maude. Doubleday, Page and Company.

Written in a crucial period of Tolstoy's life, when he was finding himself both as artist and as philosopher, this hitherto unpublished diary is of the utmost value. But what a pity that Mr. Maude was not permitted by the Russian owner of the manuscript to translate the passages describing Tolstoy's amorous life during these years as well as his intellectual and professional career. The omissions thus made necessary are painful to think upon, particularly when it is considered how important was the role of sex in the titan's lonely drama.

The Religion Called Behaviorism. By Lewis Berman. Boni and Liveright. $1.75.

Since the founder of Behaviorism is himself inclined toward polemics he can hardly object to this little book by the author of "The Glands Regulating Personality." Dr. Berman is anxious not to be taken for a mechanist and makes a plea for the recognition of consciousness as a significant subject for study. To the layman alarmed by the simple materialism of the behavioristic theories he offers a popular explanation of "Gestalt" psychology as a way out. Pessimists on the point of suicide are bidden to "configurate with the universe."

Drama

Ibsen Again

WITH the exception of "A Doll's House," no other play of Ibsen's is so nearly reducible to the bare bones of its thesis as "An Enemy of the People." Dr. Stockmann is, of course, Ibsen himself and the whole is a parable intended as an answer to those of his enemies who talked as though the author of "Ghosts" were himself responsible for the pestilential poisons whose existence he was endeavoring to point out to his fellow citizens; but the play has comparatively little either of the fancy which marked his earliest efforts or of the mystical symbolism which makes the later plays interesting for the very reason that their meaning is so illusive. Much of "An Enemy of the People" is argument for argument's sake, essentially polemic rather than dramatic in its intention, and hence, it would seem, destined to be valuable only so long as it was new and fresh. Does not Dr. Stockmann himself tell us that truths grow old, that a "normally constituted one," living at most but seventeen or eighteen years, has precious little nourishment left in it even at that not very advanced age; has not "An Enemy of the People" already had more time than that in which to becomes one of those "majority truths which are like last year's cured meat?"

Yet the play, as intelligently revived by Walter Hampden at the Hampden Theater, proves far more interesting than a prediction based upon *a priori* principles would have led one to suppose. It is, to be sure, no longer the startling paradox which once it seemed; time has reduced many of its most daring lines to the status of mere liberal platitudes and has made it seem often more explicit in its argument than it is necessary to be

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in this day when the point of view from which it is written is so much more familiar than it was in 1882. Yet the play has wit enough to keep it sweet. Much of it is argument but not all of it is merely that. Dr. Stockmann is not simply a mouthpiece for an opinion. He is a genuine comic character conceived with great force, and because his convictions, the result of an individual experience, bear always the slightly fantastic stamp which make them his rather than exactly those of his creator, the whole possesses that permanency of interest which is inherent in character but not in argument. I went to the performance without great expectations, I came away with a renewed sense of the pleasure to be got even (or perhaps especially) in this day, when the stage is so shrill and so bustling, by contact with a play which time may have made seem somewhat subdued in its appeal but which is nevertheless marked everywhere by that serene power which is the sure sign of a greatness even as troubled as that of Ibsen was.

Nor is, I suspect, the continued vitality of the piece due entirely to the strictly dramatic virtues just insisted upon, for in point of fact not all its truths have yet become mere platitudes and the central discovery of Dr. Stockmann is one which has not grown acceptable and hence decrepit as rapidly as most discoveries do. When the play was written, the world had not had as much experience as it now has had with the fact that the "people" are not always so virtuous or so high minded as the rosy assumptions of democratic theory had pictured them. Ibsen himself was just awaking from the delusion born of the days when, power being all in the hands of the few, it was easy to assume that the disinherited majority had all the good intentions which the enthroned minority had not; and when he made Dr. Stockmann turn confidently to the crowd and find there, not the enlightened public which a century of untested liberal theory led him to expect, but merely the mob instead, he was revealing for the first time the bitter joke which time played upon the idealists who had built so much upon an "enlightened majority" such as never existed outside their own imagination. But is the problem there raised one which time has done anything to solve? Thousands of Noras slamming doors throughout the civilized world have answered effectively the question which "A Doll's House" asked, and it can have no longer any except an academic interest, but that which "An Enemy of the People" propounds is subject to no such conclusive response and grows, indeed, more puzzling the more effective the triumph of democracy becomes. Those advanced thinkers who lived under kings were in a sense happier than we. They could at least look forward to the blessed time when "the people should rule"; for us the *fait accompli* has dampened our optimism. We have learned well enough the lesson of Ibsen's play; we know well enough that "enlightened public opinion" is a pretty phrase and that "the mob" is a bitter reality; but we know no more than he what to do about it. Parties, whether liberal or conservative, are still parties and he is still strongest who is most alone.

Mr. Hampden has generally preferred roles somewhat more florid than his present one, but he gives a restrained and intelligent performance, and from a generally competent cast Cecil Yapp stands out because of a wholly admirable interpretation of Aslaksen, that excessively un-excessive exponent of "discreet moderation and moderate discretion."

Somerset Maugham's melodrama "The Letter" (Morosco Theater) is a good deal of a disappointment. A certain suaveness characterizes all its author's plays, but the present one is made from a short story, written in his brittlest manner, which does not even supply sufficient material for a full length play. Catherine Cornell takes full advantage of the two opportunities afforded for an emotional outburst, but if, as is obviously the case, she aspires to a high place in the contemporary theater, then why are two seasons devoted to "The Green Hat" followed by a play as obviously unimportant as "The Letter?" In "The Shannons of Broadway" (Martin Beck Theater) James Gleason has written for himself and Lucile Webster another comedy which, like his two previous efforts, can hardly be made amenable to critical censure. He has created two real and salty characters—members of a stranded vaudeville team—which depend for their effectiveness very largely upon an exploitation of his own and his wife's personalities, and he has projected them into a play composed exclusively of conventional hoakum which is never intended to be taken very seriously. The performance is continuously funny, but it belongs rather to the genre of vaudeville than to that of even farce. "The Garden of Eden" (Selwyn Theater) is a rather laborious comedy which deals with the adventures of a cabaret singer who finds true love while masquerading as a member of the fashionable world. It could only be made effective by the presence in the title role of someone with a more vivid personality than Miriam Hopkins has yet developed, and it succeeds only in giving the impression of being a musical comedy with the music and the dancing left out. At the Little Theater an amiable comedy called "Romancing 'Round" is saved from dangerous sentimentality by the admirable acting of Helen McKellar and by the charming ingenuousness of Charles Ritchie in the role of an irresistible young naval lieutenant.

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International Relations Section

The Australian Labor Situation

By C. HARTLEY GRATTAN

IN Australia there is the apparently anomalous situation of a highly developed labor group with extensive economic and political power, in a land that is in a low state of industrial development. In the United States the labor organizations include about 27 out of every thousand of population. In Australia the proportion is approximately 106 to the thousand. Australia was settled after the philosophy of trade unionism came into vogue. It is true that the first labor supply in the land was convict to a very considerable extent, but it must be recalled that the country was not developed in an intensive fashion until after the gold rushes of the fifties. Previous to that time grazing was the principal occupation, and it required unlimited land, but a small labor supply. To be sure the graziers had their difficulties in getting labor, but the laborers could not utilize the demand to their advantage. During the gold rush period certain of the building trades were able to make definite advances on the basis of scarcity of workers. The sole labor supply was then free labor, as transportation was discontinued in the middle of the nineteenth century. The building trades substantially increased their wages and got the eight-hour day. Since then, setting aside the severe reverses of the early nineties, progress had been steady.

The strategy of Australian labor has always been based on the lack of surplus population. Intensive organization of a small population and a careful limitation of immigration is at the basis of every success it has made. Furthermore, Australian labor leaders have never been faced with the task of organizing groups other than British in racial composition. The so-called "White Australia" policy which was developed out of the race riots on the gold fields has become dignified into a national dogma of high emotional value, and has been given firm support by the Commonwealth Immigration Act. Most of the immigrants have come into the country firmly grounded in the philosophy of trade unionism. And, finally, the leaders have accomplished the unique task of organizing the workers in the primary industries—the farm laborers, shearers, shepherds, boundary riders, and station (ranch) hands generally—into a strong union.

The importance of the population situation to the success of Australian labor is frequently emphasized. It is a constant preoccupation of the leaders. Resolutions are passed regularly and deputations wait on the Prime Minister to discuss the matter. No policy of immigration can be successfully adopted by any state or by the Commonwealth without the support of the unions. Contrary to the experience of the United States in the early days the availability of land does not control the labor market. It is difficult to get men to go on the land, and yet the labor policy is to favor only those immigrants who will go on the land. There is a more or less constant body of unemployed, which is a menace to the union position, and it is not wisdom to have it augmented. With a large body of unemployed and a constant influx of new hands it would not be long before the unions would lose their advanced positions.

Such advantages as a minimum wage of £4/4 (about $20.36), an elaborate compensation scheme for illnesses and accidents, old age and invalid pensions, together with strict factory legislation and similar boons, and such valuable achievements as child endowment and national unemployment insurance in prospect are not lightly to be toyed with, and could not have been won in the industrial sphere alone. Labor in Australia is the political power, for when it is not the party in power it holds the strategic advantage. It has not been in politics from its beginnings, but made its first moves in that direction in the early nineties, as a result of a series of severe set backs due to strikes that miserably failed. Australia passed through a severe crisis at that time caused partly by excessive land speculation and partly by severe droughts, which are and always will be the curse of the country. Today labor controls five out of the six states, and in the twenty-six years of the existence of the Commonwealth, labor has been in power for twelve. It expects to capture the Commonwealth Government in 1929.

Naturally with these tremendous successes at their backs the labor leaders are anxious to consolidate and confirm their gains. They aim, in no idle sense, to make Australia a workers' paradise. Class conscious to an extraordinary degree, their aspirations are very little tinged by bourgeois considerations. They firmly reject any advances from the employers that will sap their militancy, and consequently Australian employers can learn little from American employers. The Australian worker rejects with scorn such things as bonuses and welfare work. More important, he is firmly opposed to any industrial methods that increase the production of wealth and consequently employers' profits, without an exactly corresponding share for the worker. Australian labor resents any variety of "speeding up." It turns in horror from American methods. Yet while the leaders aim at a workers' paradise, they have not given any serious attention to the utilization of leisure. Sport, the Australian religion, absorbs surplus energies. Culturally the country does not profit at all.

II

But the paradisiac aspects of the situation, actual and prospective, do not keep labor satisfied. There is always something just beyond their grasp. And the extreme sensitivity and great power of the men makes for frequent strikes. Sometimes the strikes are intensified by race troubles, as in the sugar mills of Queensland at the present moment. The influx of Italians (who being white men and able to pass the educational requirements cannot be excluded) has exasperated the British workers. It must be recalled that there is no colored labor in Australia and all tropical agriculture is carried on by white men. The Italian has shown himself better adapted for tropical work than the Britisher, and consequently has tended to oust the latter. Furthermore, the Italians are not in the control of the unions, and the unions are reluctant to expend the effort to bring them in line. But as a rule Australian strikes are of purely economic significance.

Probably the most agitated question at the moment, after immigration, is compulsory arbitration. Labor is responsible for putting the laws on the statute books, and there is no general disposition to scrap the principle. The objection, which is strenuous, is to the way in which the machinery is being operated. Labor contends that the court is being used to its detriment. Mr. T. R. Ashworth, of the Victorian Employers Federation, recently remarked: "Mr.

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Justice Higgins has written a book in which compulsory arbitration is called 'A New Province for Law and Order.' At the moment this province has reduced Australia to a condition bordering on anarchy." Early in 1926 the Federal Government asked the Court to determine the normal working week for all labor. To do so required a test case. By mutual agreement the employers and employees selected the engineering industry as a normal industry, and the engineers then applied to the court for an award giving them the forty-four hour week. The hearings lasted four months and cost $100,000. The unions won, but the employers immediately set machinery going to "whittle down and postpone the award." Consequently, it was not until May of this year that even the engineers got the forty-four hour week, and then certain concerns were exempted from the award. The rest of the workers were not included at all. Some unions, such as those in the construction trades and timber workers, had gained it earlier and so were not concerned. The workers in the exempted engineering factories immediately protested, eventually struck, and then were threatened by judicial order, with fines and imprisonment if they did not return to work. So the matter stands at the moment. The result is that labor is demanding changes in the arbitration act that the Government will probably grant, which will facilitate the meeting of employers and employees in conciliation committees on the round table idea before going to court, and presumably after, when the award is displeasing. Those hostile to the unions contend that they are scheming to emasculate and destroy the court and so return to direct action. With one or two exceptions the labor leaders profess loyalty to the court, but contend that they have interests that they cannot allow court awards to contravene, and when awards do contravene them they have no alternative but to fight. In other words, loyalty to the union program comes before loyalty to the court. The result is that Australian workers have not yet achieved the universal forty-four hour week. The engineers' case was but a partial victory for that trade, and no gain at all for the movement. It is announced that thirty-five other unions are about to go before the court in an effort to gain the forty-four hour week.

Judge Beeby, who made the final award in the engineers' case, made provision for "piece work, bonuses, and similar devices for individual bargaining instead of collective bargaining." Consequently the unions interpret it as "an attack on working class conditions." Dissatisfaction with the court was made sufficiently acute by the trouble over the forty-four hour week, but it was made doubly acute by injecting into the controversy the matter of piece work. Australian labor is as strongly opposed to piece work as it is in favor of forty-four hours. As pointed out the unions are opposed to any device that will increase the production of wealth without giving them a share in the acruing advantages. In the matter of piece work they contend that it both speeds up the worker and lowers wages. They stand for the weekly wage. A delegation of trade union officials recently waited upon the Attorney General (in the absence of the Prime Minister) and Mr. C. A. Crofts, a principal figure of the movement, said in part:

> The workers did not want to get a forty-four hour week at the expense of their health, or at the cost of abandoning union rules and customs. They believed they had a right to a forty-four hour week without tagging on "speeding up" methods. It now seemed they were expected to buy a reduced working week at the expense of their health.

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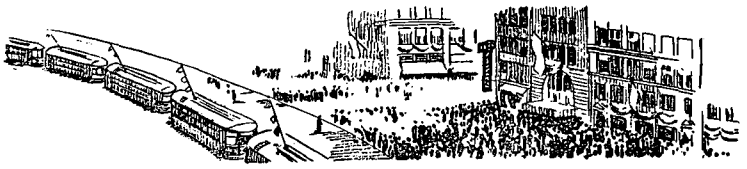

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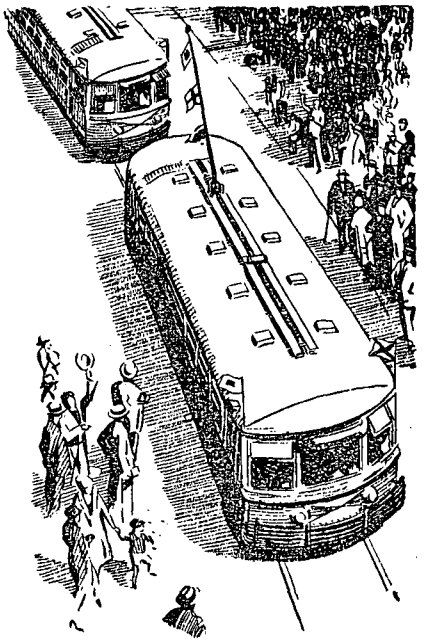

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THE MINISTER: Is it piece work you are now alluding to?

MR. CROFTS: Yes. The workers wanted to get over the difficulty without interfering with continuity of operations. But they were determined to resist what they considered unfair conditions. . . . Bonus system and piece work.

Yet some unions have accepted piece work when it appeared to their advantage to do so. They, however, would cheerfully abandon it. The cigar workers have accepted it. So have the clothing workers, in part. The unions will, however, accept piece work only to the extent that circumstances force them to do so, and will agitate for its abolition at all times.

III

It is idle to compare Australian industrial conditions with American. American industrial strategy with regard to labor is based on the existence of a large body of unskilled, unorganized labor. The technical methods of production are made possible by the presence of a huge home market. Neither condition exists in Australia. Nevertheless the Australian unionist has a horror of the possible Americanization of Australian industry. Writing in the *Union Voice* (Melbourne), Mr. Don Cameron of the Stewards Union, says:

> In a word, the Americanizing of Australia means that the workers of Australia, so far as it is possible to do so, are to be more effectively organized for the production of wealth, and more effectively rendered incapable of becoming self-conscious and masters of their own lives and the wealth that they produce by their labor.
>
> And then, as in America, and as the inevitable outcome, we would have here in Australia more of the ignorant and arrogant type of employers and their degenerate progeny; more crime and private murders, such as street executions and mob lynchings; more corruption and immorality both in public and private life; more religious bigotry of the anti-evolution and Ku Klux Klan brand; more sexual grossness and perversity in literature and the theaters; more drug fiends and freak social reformers; more weird Negro jazz music and the antics and dancing of primitive man; more of the extremes of the uncultured wealthy and the cringing poor, and more generally of men and things that are not only positively dangerous, but also the very antithesis of healthy and progressive social life.

Perhaps this is an extreme statement, but it certainly expresses, when reduced to lowest possible terms, the Australian attitude. And once again it is necessary to come back to the original proposition: The labor problem in Australia is linked up, like nearly every other problem, with the population problem. The interests of employer and employee are diametrically opposed on this issue. The one that controls immigration policy has the balance of power.

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STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, OF

The Nation

Published weekly, Wednesday, at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1927.

State of New York, } ss.
County of New York, }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and country aforesaid, personally appeared Oswald Garrison Villard, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the editor and publisher of The Nation and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:
Publisher—Oswald Garrison Villard, 20 Vesey Street, New York, N. Y.
Editor—Oswald Garrison Villard, 20 Vesey Street, New York N. Y.
Managing Editor—Freda Kirchwey, 20 Vesey Street, New York, N. Y.
Business Managers—None.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.)
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5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is———— (This information is required from daily publications only.)

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD, Editor and Publisher.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 29th day of September, 1927.
[Seal] MARY E. O'BRIEN
(My commission expires March 30, 1928.)

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